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THE
COMPLAINT:
OR
NIGHT-THOUGHTS,
ON
LIFE, DEATH,
AND
IMMORTALITY.

P A R I S :

Printed by J. C. A. STODOL

at the Press of

the City of Paris, and the Society of the

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and the Society of the

M. DCC. LXXXIII.

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LIFE, DEATH,

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ETERNALITY.

THE
COMPLAINT:
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NIGHT-THOUGHTS,
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LIFE, DEATH,
AND
IMMORTALITY.

BY THE REVEREND
EDWARD YOUNG, LL. D.

To which are added

THE LAST DAY, A POEM.

THE FORCE OF RELIGION; OR, VANQUISH'D
LOVE, A POEM.

AND A PARAPHRASE ON PART OF THE BOOK
OF JOB.

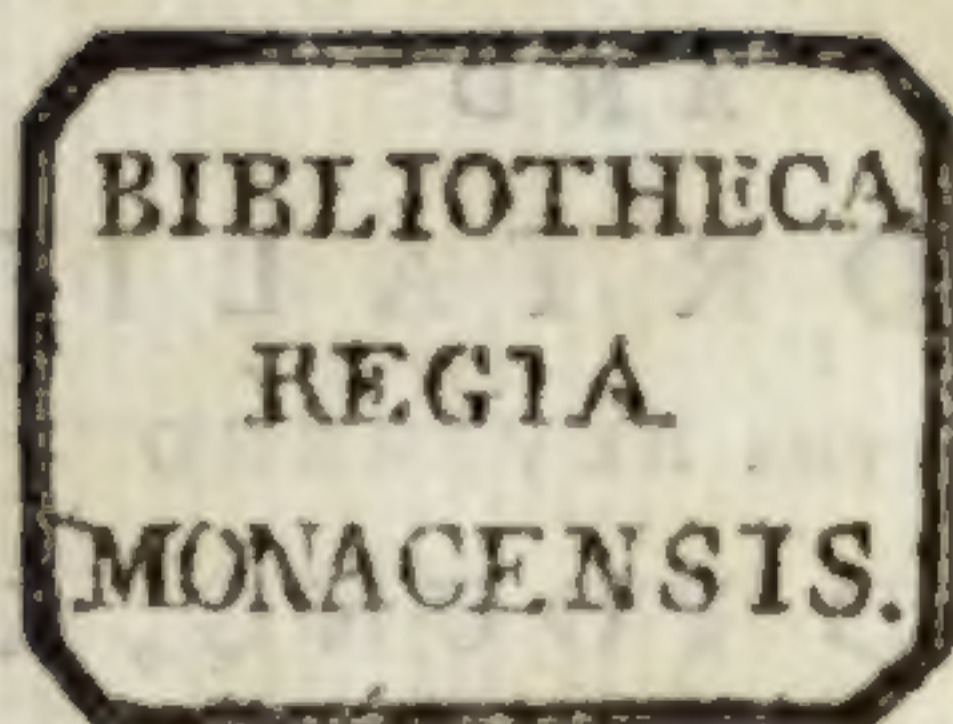
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PART I:

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Q. u. i. t. t. e. A. n. t. i. q. u. e.;

M. D. C. C. L. X. X. I. I.

THE
COMPLAINT:

OR,
NIGHT THOUGHTS.

NIGHT THE EIGHTH.

VIRTUE'S APOLOGY;

OR,
THE MAN OF THE WORLD ANSWERED;

THE

CONSTITUTION

OF THE UNITED STATES

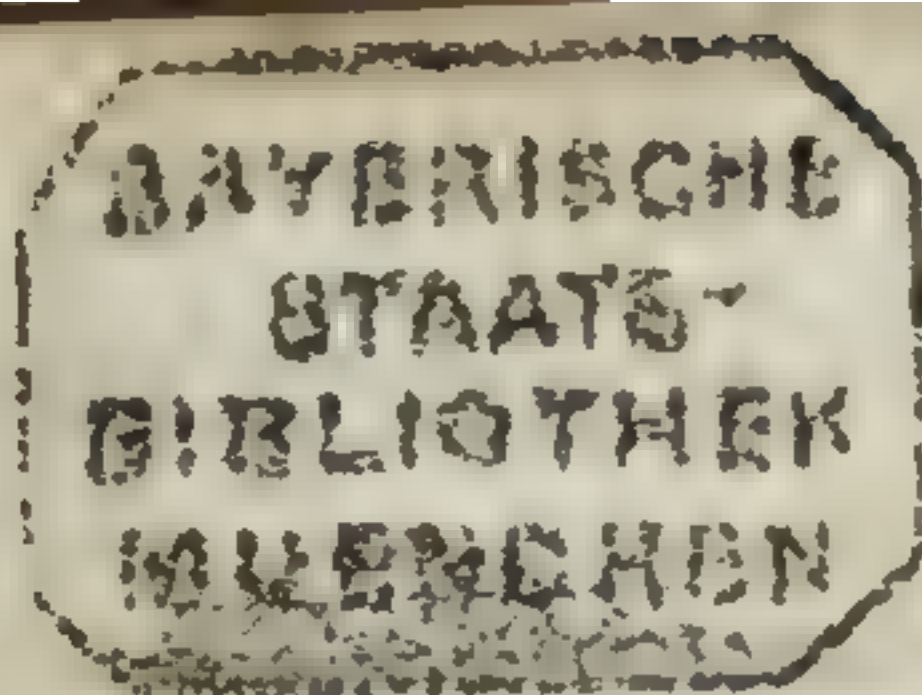
AND THE

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

OF

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

1787



THE
COMPLAINT.
NIGHT THE EIGHT.
VIRTUE'S APOLOGY;
OR,
THE MAN OF THE WORLD ANSWERED.
IN WHICH ARE CONSIDERED,
THE LOVE OF THIS LIFE;
THE AMBITION AND PLEASURE, WITH THE WIT
AND WISDOM OF THE WORLD.

AND has all nature, then, espous'd my part?
Have I brib'd heav'n, and earth, to plead against
And is thy soul immortal?—What remains? (thee?
All, all, LORENZO!—Make immortal, blest.
Unblest immortals!—What can shock us more?
And yet LORENZO still affects the world;
There, stows his treasure; thence, his title draws,

4 THE COMPLAINT. Night 5.

Man of the world (for such wouldst thou be call'd)
And art thou proud of that inglorious style?
Proud of reproach? For a reproach it was,
In antient days; and CHRISTIAN, —in an age,
When men were men, and not asham'd of heav'n,
Fir'd their ambition, as it crown'd their joy.
Sprinkled with dew's from the Castalian font,
Fain would I re-baptize thee, and confer
A purer spirit, and a nobler name.

Thy fond attachments fatal, and inflam'd,
Point out my path, and dictate to my song:
To thee, the world how fair! How strongly stri-
Ambition! and gay pleasure stronger still! (kes
Thy triple bane! the triple bolt that lays
Thy virtue dead! Be these my triple theme;
Nor shall thy wit, or wisdom, be forgot.

Common the theme; nor so the song; if she
My song invokes, URANIA, deigns to smile.
The charm that chains us to the world, her foe,
If she dissolves, the man of earth, at once,
Starts from his trance, and sighs for other scenes;
Scenes, where these sparks of night, these stars shall
Unnumber'd suns (for all things, as they are, (shine
The blest behold); and, in one glory, pour
Their blended blaze on man's astonisht sight;
A blaze—the least illustrious object there.

LORENZO! since eternal is at hand,
To swallow time's ambitions; as the vast
Leviathan, the bubbles vain, that ride

High on the foaming billow ; what avail
High titles , high descent , attainments high ,
If unattain'd our highest ? O LORENZO !
What lofty thoughts , these elements above ,
What tow'ring hopes , what fallies from the sun ;
What grand surveys of destiny divine ,
And pompous preface of unfathom'd fate ,
Should roll in bosoms ; where a spirit burns ,
Bound for eternity ! In bosoms read
By him , who foibles in archangels sees !
On human hearts he bends a jealous eye ,
And marks , and in heav'n's register inrolls ,
The rise , and progress , of each option there ;
Sacred to doomsday ! that the page unfolds ,
And spreads us to the gaze of Gods and men.

And what an option , o LORENZO ! thine ?
This world ! and this , untivall'd by the skies !
A world , where lust of pleasure , grandeur , gold ,
Three dæmons that divide its realms between them ,
With strokes alternate buffet to and fro
Man's restless heart , their sport , their flying ball ;
Till , with the giddy circle sick , and tir'd ,
It pants for peace , and drops into despair.
Such is the world LORENZO sets above
That glorious promise angels were esteem'd
Too mean to bring ; a promise , their Ador'd
Descended to communicate , and press ,
By counsel , miracle , life , death , on man.
Such is the world LORENZO's wisdom wooes ,

6 THE COMPLAINT. Night 8.

And on its thorny pillow seeks repose ;
A pillow , which , like opiates ill-prepar'd ;
Intoxicates , but not composes ; fills
The visionary mind with gay chimæras ,
All the wild trash of sleep , without the rest ;
What unfeign'd travel , and what dreams of joy !

How frail, men, things ! How momentary, both !
Fantastic chace of shadows hunting shades !

The gay , the busy , equal , tho' unlike ;
Equal in wisdom , differently wise !

Thro' flow'ry meadows , and thro' dreary wastes ,
One bustling , and one dancing , into death.

There's not a day , but , to the man of thought ,
Betrays some secret , that throws new reproach
On life , and makes him sick of seeing more.

The scenes of bus'ness tell us— " what are men " ;

The scenes of pleasure— " what is all beside ; "

There , others we despise ; and here , ourselves.

Amid disgust eternal , dwells delight ?

'Tis approbation strikes the string of joy.

What wondrous prize has kindled this career ,
Stuns with the din , and choaks us with the dust ,
On life's gay stage , one inch above the grave ?

The proud run up and down in quest of eyes ;

The sensual , in pursuit of something worse ;

The grave , of gold ; the politic , of pow'r ;

And all , of other butterflies , as vain !

As eddies draw things frivolous , and light ,

How is man's heart by vanity drawn in ;

On the swift circle of returning toys,
Whirl'd, straw-like, round and round, and then
Where gay delusion darkens to despair! (ingulph'd,
 « This is a beaten track ». —Is this a track
Should not be beaten? Never beat enough,
Till enough learnt the truths it would inspire.
Shall truth be silent, because folly frowns?
Turn the world's history; what find we there,
But fortune's sports, or nature's cruel claims,
Or woman's artifice, or man's revenge,
And endless inhumanities on man?
Fame's trumpet seldom sounds, but, like the knell,
It brings bad tidings: How it hourly blows
Man's misadventures round the list'ning world!
Man is the tale of narrative old time;
Sad tale; which high as paradise begins;
As if, the toil of travel to delude,
From stage to stage, in his eternal round,
The days, his daughters, as they spin our hours
On fortune's wheel, where accident unthought
Oft, in a moment, snaps life's strongest thread,
Each, in her turn, some tragic story tells,
With, now-and-then, a wretched farce between;
And fills his chronicle with human woes.

Time's daughters, true as those of men, deceive us;
Not one, but puts some cheat on all mankind:
While in their father's bosom, not yet ours,
They flatter our fond hopes; and promise much
Of amiable; but hold him not o'erwise,

3 THE COMPLAINT. Night 8.

Who dares to trust them; and laugh round the year,
At still-confiding, still-confounded, man,
Confiding, tho' confounded; hoping on,
Untaught by trial, unconvinc'd by proof,
And ever-looking for the never-seen.

Life to the last, like harden'd felons, lies;
Nor owns itself a cheat, till it expires.

Its little joys go out by one and one,
And leave poor man, at length, in perfect night;
Night darker, than what, now, involves the pole.

O THOU, who dost permit these ills to fall,
For gracious ends, and would'st that man should
mourn!

O THOU, whose hands this goodly fabric fram'd,
Who know'st it best, and would'st that man should
What is this sublunary world? A vapour; (know!
A vapour all it holds; itself, a vapour;
From the damp bed of chaos, by thy beam
Exhal'd, ordain'd to swim its destin'd hour
In ambient air, then melt, and disappear.
Earth's days are number'd, nor remote her doom;
As mortal, tho' less transient, than her sons;
Yet they doat on her, as the world and they
Were both eternal, solid; THOU, a dream.

They doat! on what? Immortal views apart,
A region of outsidés! a land of shadows!
A fruitful field of flow'ry promises!
A wilderness of joys! perplext with doubts,
And sharp with thorns! a troubled ocean, spread

With bold adventurers, their all on board!
 No second hope, if here their fortune frowns;
 Frown soon it must. Of various rates they sail,
 Of ensigns various; all alike in this,
 All restless, anxious; tost with hopes, and fears,
 In calmest skies; obnoxious all to storm;
 And stormy the most gen'ral blast of life:
 All bound for happiness; yet few provide
 The chart of knowledge, pointing where it lies;
 Or virtue's helm, to shape the course design'd:
 All, more or less, capricious fate lament,
 Now lifted by the tide, and now reforc'd,
 And farther from their wishes than before:
 All, more or less, against each other dash,
 To mutual hurt, by gusts of passion driv'n,
 And suff'ring more from folly, than from fate.

Ocean! Thou dreadful and tumultuous home
 Of dangers, at eternal war with man!
 Death's capital, where most he domineers,
 With all his chosen terrors frowning round,
 (Tho' lately feasted high at * Albion's cost)
 Wide-op'ning, and loud-roaring still for more!
 Too faithful mirror! how dost thou reflect
 The melancholy face of human life!
 The strong resemblance tempts me farther still:
 And, haply, Britain may be deeper struck
 By moral truth, in such a mirror seen,
 Which nature holds for ever at her eye.

* Admiral BALCHEN, &c.

Self-flatter'd , unexperienc'd , high in hope ;
 When young , with sanguine chear , and streamers
 We cut our cable , launch into the world , (gay ,
 And fondly dream each wind and star our friend ;
 All , in some darling enterprize embarkt :
 But where is he can fathom its extent ?
 Amid a multitude of artless hands ,
 Ruin's sure perquisite ! her lawful prize !
 Some steer aright ; but the black blast blows hard ,
 And puffs them wide of hope : With hearts of proof ,
 Full against wind , and tide , some win their way ;
 And when strong effort has deserv'd the port ,
 And tugg'd it into view , 'tis won ! 'tis lost !
 Tho' strong their oar , still stronger is their fate :
 They strike ; and while they triumph , they expire .
 In stress of weather , most ; some sink outright ;
 O'er them , and o'er their names , the billows close ;
 To-morrow knows not they were ever born .
 Others a short memorial leave behind ,
 Like a flag floating , when the bark's ingulph'd ;
 It floats a moment , and is seen no more ;
 One CÆSAR lives ; a thousand are forgot .
 How few , beneath auspicious planets born ,
 (Darlings of Providence ! fond fate's elect !)
 With swelling sails make good the promis'd port ;
 With all their wishes freighted ! Yet ev'n these ,
 Freight with all their wishes , soon complain ;
 Free from misfortune , not from nature free ,
 They still are men ; and when is man secure ?

With bold adventurers, their all on board!
No second hope, if here their fortune frowns;
Frown soon it must. Of various rates they sail,
Of ensigns various; all alike in this,
All restless, anxious; tost with hopes, and fears,
In calmest skies; obnoxious all to storm;
And stormy the most gen'ral blast of life:
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The chart of knowledge, pointing where it lies;
Or virtue's helm, to shape the course design'd:
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Now lifted by the tide, and now resorb'd,
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 Freight with all their wishes , soon complain ;
 Free from misfortune , not from nature free ,
 They still are men ; and when is man secure ?

As fatal time, as storm! the rush of years
Beats down their strength; their numberless escapes
In ruin end: and, now, their proud success
But plants new terrors on the victor's brow:
What pain to quit the world, just made their own,
Their nest so deeply down'd, and built so high!
Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

Woe then apart (if woe apart can be
From mortal man), and fortune at our nod,
The gay! rich! great! triumphant! and august!
What are they?—The most happy (strange to say!)
Convince me most of human misery;
What are they! Smiling wretches of to-morrow!
More wretched, then, than e'er their slave can be;
Their treach'rous blessings, at the day of need,
Like other faithless friends, unmask, and sting:
Then, what provoking indigence in wealth!
What aggravated impotence in pow'r!
High titles, then, what insult of their pain!
If that sole anchor, equal to the waves,
Immortal hope! defies not the rude storm,
Takes comfort from the foaming billow's rage,
And makes a welcome harbour of the tomb.

Is this a sketch of what thy soul admires?
“But here (thou say'st) the miseries of life
”Are huddled in a group. A more distinct
”Survey, perhaps, might bring thee better news.”
Look on life's stages: They speak plainer still;
The plainer they, the deeper wilt thou sigh.

12 THE COMPLAINT. Night 3.

Look on thy lovely boy ; in him behold
The best that can befall the best on earth ;
The boy has virtue by his mother's side :
Yes , on FLORELLO look : A father's heart
Is tender , tho' the man's is made of stone ;
The truth , thro' such a medium seen , may make
Impression deep , and fondness prove thy friend.

FLORELLO lately cast on this rude coast
A helpless infant , now a heedless child ;
To poor CLARISSA's throes , thy care succeeds ;
Care full of love , and yet severe as hate !
O'er thy soul's joy how oft thy fondness frowns !
Needful austerities his will restrain ;
As thorns fence in the tender plant from harm.
As yet , his reason cannot go alone ;
But asks a sterner nurse to lead it on.
His little heart is often terrify'd ;
The blush of morning , in his cheek , turns pale ;
Its pearly dew-drop trembles in his eye ;
His harmless eye ! and drowns an angel there.
Ah ! what avails his innocence ? The task
Injoin'd must discipline his early pow'rs ;
He learns to sigh , ere he is known to sin ;
Guiltless , and sad ! A wretch before the fall !
How cruel this ! More cruel to forbear.
Our nature such , with necessary pains ,
We purchase prospects of precarious peace :
Tho' not a father , this might steal a sigh.
Suppose him disciplin'd aright (if not ,

'Twill sink our poor account to poorer still)
Ripe from the tutor, proud of liberty,
He leaps inclosure, bounds into the world!
The world is taken, after ten years toil,
Like ancient Troy; and all its joys his own.
Alas! the world's a tutor more severe;
Its lessons hard, and ill deserve his pains;
Unteaching all his virtuous nature taught,
Or books (fair virtue's advocates!) inspir'd.

For who receives him into public life?
Men of the world, the terræ-filial breed,
Welcome the modest stranger to their sphere,
(Which glitter'd long, at distance, in his sight)
And, in their hospitable arms, inclose:
Men, who think nought so strong of the romance,
So rank knight-errant, as a real friend:
Men, that act up to reason's golden rule,
All weakness of affection quite subdu'd:
Men, that would blush at being thought sincere,
And feign, for glory, the few faults they want;
That love a lye, where truth would pay as well;
As if, to them, vice shone her own reward.

LORENZO! canst thou bear a shocking sight?
Such, for FLORELLO's sake, 'twill now appear:
See, the steel'd files of season'd veterans,
Train'd to the world, in burnisht falshood bright;
Deep in the fatal stratagems of peace;
All soft sensation, in the throng, rubb'd off;
All their keen purpose, in politeness, sheath'd;

14 THE COMPLAINT. Night 8.

His friends eternal—during interest ;
 His foes implacable —when worth their while ;
 At war with ev'ry welfare , but their own ;
 As wise as LUCIFER ; and half as good ;
 And by whom none , but LUCIFER , can gain—
 Naked , thro' these (so common fate ordains) ,
 Naked of heart , his cruel course he runs ,
 Stung out of all , most amiable in life ,
 Prompt truth , and open thought , and smiles unfei-
 Affection , as his species , wide diffus'd ; (gn'd ;
 Noble presumptions to mankind's renown ;
 Ingenuous trust , and confidence of love.

These claims to joy (if mortals joy might claim)
 Will cost him many a sigh ; till time , and pains ,
 From the slow mistress of this school , Experience
 And her assistant , pausing , pale , Distrust ,
 Purchase a dear-bought clue to lead his youth
 Thro' serpentine obliquities of life ,
 And the dark labyrinth of human hearts.
 And happy ! if the clue shall come so cheap ;
 For , while we learn to fence with public guilt ,
 Full oft we feel its foul contagion too ,
 If less than heav'nly virtue is our guard.
 Thus , a strange kind of curst necessity
 Brings down the sterling temper of his soul ;
 By base alloy , to bear the current stamp ,
 Below call'd wisdom ; sinks him into safety ;
 And brands him into credit with the world ;
 Where specious titles dignify disgrace ,

And nature's injuries are arts of life ;
Where brighter reason prompts to bolder crimes ;
And heav'nly talents make infernal hearts ;
That unfurmountable extreme of guilt !

Poor MACHIAVEL ! who labour'd hard his plan,
Forgot , that genius need not go to school ;
Forgot , that man , without a tutor wise ,
His plan had practis'd , long before 'twas writ.

The world's all title-page ; there's no contents ;
The world's all face ; the man who shews his heart,
Is whooted for his nudities , and scorn'd.

A man I knew , who liv'd upon a smile ;
And well it fed him ; he look'd plump and fair ;
While rankest venom foam'd thro' every vein.

LORENZO ! what I tell thee , take not ill !

Living , he fawn'd on ev'ry fool alive ;
And, dying, curs'd the friend on whom he liv'd.
To such proficient's thou art half a saint.

In foreign realms (for thou hast travell'd far)
How curious to contemplate two state-rooks ,
Studious their nests to feather in a trice ,
With all the necromantics of their art ,
Playing the game of faces on each other ,
Making court sweet-meats of their latent gall ,
In foolish hope , to steal each other's trust ;
Both cheating , both exulting , both deceiv'd ;
And sometimes , both (let earth rejoice) undone !
Their parts we doubt not ; but be that their shame ;
Shall men of talents , fit to rule mankind ,

Stoop to mean wiles, that would disgrace a fool;
And lose the thanks of those few friends they
serve?

For who can thank the man, he cannot see?

Why so much cover? It defeats itself.

Ye, that know all things! know ye not, mens
hearts

Are therefore known, because they are conceal'd?

For why conceal'd? — The cause they need not tell.

I give him joy, that's aukward at a lye;

Whose feeble nature truth keeps still in awe;

His incapacity is his renown.

'Tis great, 'tis manly, to disdain disguise;

It shews our spirit, or it proves our strength.

Thou say'st, 'tis needful: Is it therefore right?

Howe'er, I grant it some small sign of grace,

To strain at an excuse: and wouldst thou then

Escape that cruel need? Thou may'st, with ease;

Think no post needful that demands a knave.

When late our civil helm was shifting hands,

So P—— thought: think better if you can.

But this, how rare! the public path of life

Is dirty: — Yet, allow that dirt its due,

It makes the noble mind more noble still:

The world's no neuter; it will wound, or save;

Or virtue quench, or indignation fire.

You say, the world, well-known, will make a man:

The world, well-known, will give our hearts to

Or make us dæmons, long before we die. (heav'n,

To shew how fair the world, thy mistress, shines,
 Take either part, sure ills attend the choice;
 Sure, tho' not equal, detriment ensues.
 Not virtue's-self is deify'd on earth;
 Virtue has her relapses, conflicts, foes;
 Foes, that ne'er fail to make her feel their hate.
 Virtue has her peculiar set of pains.
 True friends to virtue, last, and least, complain;
 But if they sigh, can others hope to smile?
 If wisdom has her miseries to mourn,
 How can poor folly lead a happy life?
 And if both suffer, what has earth to boast,
 Where he most happy, who the least laments?
 Where much, much patience, the most envy'd state,
 And some forgiveness, needs, the best of friends?
 For friend, or happy life, who looks not higher,
 Of neither shall he find the shadow here.

The world's sworn advocate, without a fee,
 LORENZO smartly, with a smile, replies;
 " Thus far thy song is right; and all must own,
 " Virtue has her peculiar set of pains.—
 " And joys peculiar who to vice denies?
 " If vice it is, with nature to comply;
 " If pride, and sense, are so predominant,
 " To check, not overcome, them, makes a saint,
 " Can nature in a plainer voice proclaim
 " Pleasure, and glory, the chief good of man " ?
 Can pride, and sensuality, rejoice?
 From purity of thought, all pleasure springs;

18 THE COMPLAINT. Night 8.

And, from an humble spirit, all our peace.
Ambition, pleasure! let us talk of these:
Of these, the PORCH, and ACADEMY, talk'd;
Of these, each following age had much to say:
Yet, unexhausted, still, the needful theme.
Who talks of these, to mankind all at once
He talks; for where the saint from either free?
Are these thy refuge?—No: these rush upon thee;
Thy vitals seize, and vulture-like, devour;
I'll try, if I can pluck thee from thy rock,
PROMETHEUS! from this barren ball of earth;
If reason can unchain thee, thou art free.

And, first, thy Caucasus, ambition, calls;
Mountain of torments! eminence of woes!
Of courted woes! and courted thro' mistake!
'Tis not ambition charms thee; 'tis a cheat
Will make thee start, as H— at his Moor.
Dost grasp at greatness? First, know what it is:
Think'st thou thy greatness in distinction lies?
Not in the feather, wave it e'er so high,
By fortune stuck, to mark us from the throng,
Is glory lodg'd: 'tis lodg'd in the reverse;
In that which joins, in that which equals, all,
The monarch and his slave; — “A deathless soul,
„ Unbounded prospect, and immortal kin,
„ A Father God, and brothers in the skies”;
Elder, indeed, in time; but less remote
In excellence, perhaps, than thought by man;
Why greater what can fall, than what can rise?

If still delirious, now, LORENZO! go;
 And with thy full-blown brothers of the world,
 Throw scorn around thee; cast it on thy slaves;
 Thy slaves, and equals: how scorn cast on them
 Rebounds on thee! If man is mean, as man,
 Art thou a God? If fortune makes him so,
 Beware the consequence: A maxim that,
 Which draws a monstrous picture of mankind,
 Where, in the drapery, the man is lost;
 Externals flutt'ring, and the soul forgot.
 Thy greatest glory, when dispos'd to boast,
 Boast that aloud, in which thy servants share:

We wisely strip the steed we mean to buy:
 Judge we, in their caparisons, of men?
 It nought avails thee, where, but what, thou art;
 All the distinctions of this little life
 Are quite cutaneous, foreign to the man,
 When, thro' death's streights, earth's subtle ser-
 pents creep,
 Which wriggle into wealth, or climb renown,
 As crooked Satan the forbidden tree,
 They leave their party-colour'd robe behind,
 All that now glitters, while they rear aloft
 Their brazen crests, and hiss at us below.
 Of fortune's fucus strip them, yet alive;
 Strip them of body, too; nay, closer still,
 Away with all, but moral, in their minds;
 And let, what then remains, impose their name,
 Pronounce them weak, or worthy; great, or mean.

How mean that snuff of glory fortune lights;
 And death puts out! Dost thou demand a test,
 A test, at once, infallible, and short,
 Of real greatness? That man greatly lives,
 Whate'er his fate, or fame, who greatly dies;
 High-flush'd with hope, where heroes shall def-
 If this a true criterion, many courts, (pair.
 Illustrious, might afford but few grandees.

Th' Almighty, from his throne, on earth surveys
 Nought greater, than an honest, humble heart;
 An humble heart, his residence! pronounc'd
 His second seat; and rival to the skies.
 The private path, the secret acts of men,
 If noble, far the noblest of our lives!
 How far above LORENZO's glory sits
 Th' illustrious master of a name unknown;
 Whose worth unrivall'd, and unwitness'd, loves
 Life's sacred shades, where Gods converse with men;
 And peace, beyond the world's conceptions, smiles!
 As thou (now dark), before we part, shalt see.

But thy great soul this skulking glory scorns.
 LORENZO's sick, but when LORENZO's seen;
 And, when he shrugs at public bus'ness, lies.
 Deny'd the public eye, the public voice,
 As if he liv'd on others' breath, he dies.
 Fain would he make the world his pedestal;
 Mankind, the gazers, the sole figure, he.
 Knows he, that mankind praise against their will,
 And mix as much detraction as they can?

Knows he, that faithless fame her whisper has,
 As well as trumpet? That his vanity
 Is so much tickled from not hearing all?
 Knows this all-knower, that from itch of praise,
 Or, from an itch more sordid, when he shines,
 Taking his country by five hundred ears,
 Senates at once admire him, and despise,
 With modest laughter lining loud applause,
 Which makes the smile more mortal to his fame?
 His fame, which (like the mighty CÆSAR), crown'd
 With laurels, in full senate, greatly falls,
 By seeming friends, that honour, and destroy.
 We rise in glory, as we sink in pride:
 Where boasting ends, there dignity begins:
 And yet, mistaken beyond all mistake,
 The blind LORENZO's proud—of being proud;
 And dreams himself ascending in his fall.

An eminence, tho' fancy'd, turns the brain:
 All vice wants hellebore; but of all vice,
 Pride loudest calls, and for the largest bowl;
 Because, unlike all other vice, it flies,
 In fact, the point, in fancy most pursu'd.
 Who court applause, oblige the world in this;
 They gratify man's passion to refuse.
 Superior honour, when assum'd, is lost;
 Ev'n good men turn banditti, and rejoice,
 Like KOULI-KAN, in plunder of the proud.

Tho' somewhat disconcerted, steady still
 To the world's cause, with half a face of joy,

12 THE COMPLAINT. Night 8.

LORENZO cries—"be, then, ambition cast;
" Ambition's dearer far stands unimpeach'd,
" Gay pleasure! proud ambition is her slave;
" For her, he soars at great, and hazards ill;
" For her, he fights, and bleeds, or overcomes;
" And paves his way, with crowns, to reach her
" smile.

" Who can resist her charms?"—Or, should? LO-
RENZO!

What mortal shall resist, where angels yield?
Pleasure's the mistress of ethereal pow'rs;
For her contend the rival Gods above;
Pleasure's the mistress of the world below;
And well it was for man, that pleasure charms;
How would all stagnate, but for pleasure's ray!
How would the frozen stream of action cease!
What is the pulse of this so busy world?
The love of pleasure: that, thro' ev'ry vein,
Throws motion, warmth; and shuts out death from
Tho' various are the tempers of mankind, (life.
Pleasure's gay family hold all in chains:
Some most affect the black; and some, the fair;
Some honest pleasure court; and some, obscene.
Pleasures obscene are various, as the throng
Of passions, that can err in human hearts;
Mistake their objects, or transgress their bounds.
Think you there's but one whoredom? whoredom,
But when our reason licenses delight. (all,
Dost doubt, LORENZO? Thou shalt doubt no more.

Thy father chides thy gallantries; yet hugs
An ugly, common harlot, in the dark;
A rank adulterer with others gold!
And that hag, vengeance, in a corner, charms.
Hatred her brothel has, as well as love,
Where horrid Epicures debauch in blood.
Whate'er the motive, pleasure is the mark:
For her, the black assassin draws his sword;
For her, dark statesmen trim their midnight lamp,
To which no single sacrifice may fall;
For her, the saint abstains; the miser starves;
The Stoic proud, for pleasure, pleasure scorn'd;
For her, affliction's daughters grief indulge,
And find, or hope, a luxury in tears;
For her, guilt, shame, toil, danger, we defy;
And, with an aim voluptuous, rush on death.
Thus universal her despotic pow'r!

And as her empire wide, her praise is just.
Patron of pleasure! doater on delight!
I am thy rival; pleasure I profess;
Pleasure the purpose of my gloomy song.
Pleasure is nought but virtue's gayer name;
I wrong her still, I rate her worth too low;
Virtue the root, and pleasure is the flow'r;
And honest EPICURUS' foes were fools.

But this sounds harsh, and gives the wise offence;
If o'erstrain'd wisdom still retains the name.
How knits austerity her cloudy brow,
And blames, as bold, and hazardous, the praise

Of pleasure, to mankind, unprais'd, too dear!
 Ye modern Stoics! hear my soft reply;
 Their senses men will trust: we can't impose;
 Or, if we could, is imposition right?
 Own honey sweet; but, owning, add this sting;
 "When mixt with poison, it is deadly too."
 Truth never was indebted to a lye.
 Is nought but virtue to be prais'd, as good?
 Why then is health prefer'd before disease?
 What nature loves is good, without our leave.
 And where no future drawback cries, "beware";
 Pleasure, tho' not from virtue, should prevail.
 'Tis balm to life, and gratitude to heav'n;
 How cold our thanks for bounties unenjoy'd!
 The love of pleasure is man's eldest-born,
 Born in his cradle, living to his tomb;
 Wisdom, her younger sister, tho' more grave,
 Was meant to minister, and not to mar,
 Imperial pleasure, queen of human hearts.

LORENZO! Thou, her majesty's renown'd,
 Tho' uncoift, counsel, learned in the world!
 Who think'st thyself a MURRAY, with disdain
 May'st look on me. Yet, my DEMOSTHENES!
 Canst thou plead pleasure's cause as well as I?
 Know'st thou her nature, purpose, parentage?
 Attend my song, and thou shalt know them all;
 And know thyself; and know thyself to be
 (Strange truth!) the most abstemious man alive.
 Tell not CALISTA; she will laugh thee dead;

Or

Or send thee to her hermitage with L—.
Absurd presumption! Thou who never knew'st
A serious thought! shalt thou dare dream of joy?
No man ere found a happy life by chance;
Or yawn'd it into being, with a wish;
Or, with the snout of grov'ling appetite,
E'er smelt it out, and grubb'd it from the dirt.
An art it is, and must be learnt; and learnt
With unremitting effort, or be lost;
And leaves us perfect blockheads, in our blifs.
The clouds may drop down titles and estates;
Wealth may seek us; but wisdom must be sought;
Sought before all; but (how unlike all else
We seek on earth!) 'tis never sought in vain. (see
First, pleasure's birth, rise, strength, and grandeur,
Brought forth by wisdom, nurs'd by discipline,
By patience taught, by perseverance crown'd,
She rears her head majestic; round her throne,
Erected in the bosom of the just,
Each virtue, list'd, forms her manly guard.
For what are virtues? (Formidable name!)
What, but the fountain, or defence, of joy?
Why, then, commanded? Need mankind com-
mands,
At once to merit, and to make, their blifs?—
Great legislator! scarce so great, as kind!
If men are rational, and love delight,
Thy gracious law but flatters human choice;
In the transgression lies the penalty;

And they the most indulge, who most obey.

Of pleasure, next, the final cause explore;
Its mighty purpose, its important end.

Not to turn human brutal, but to build
Divine on human, pleasure came from heav'n.
In aid to reason was the Goddess sent;

To call up all its strength by such a charm.

Pleasure, first, succours virtue; in return,
Virtue gives pleasure an eternal reign.

What, but the pleasure of food, friendship, faith,
Supports life nat'ral, civil, and divine?

'Tis from the pleasure of repast, we live;

'Tis from the pleasure of applause, we please;

'Tis from the pleasure of belief, we pray;

(All pray'r would cease, if unbeliev'd the prize)

It serves ourselves, our species, and our God;

And to serve more, is past the sphere of man.

Glide, then, for ever, pleasure's sacred stream!

Through Eden, as Euphrates ran, it runs,

And fosters ev'ry growth of happy life;

Makes a new Eden where it flows;—but such

As must be lost, LORENZO! by thy fall.

“What mean I by thy fall?”—Thou'lt shortly see,

While pleasure's nature is at large display'd;

Already sung her origin, and ends.

Those glorious ends, by kind, or by degree,

When pleasure violates, 'tis then a vice,

A vengeance too; it hastens into pain.

From due refreshment, life, health, reason, joy;

From wild excess, pain, grief, distraction, death;
Heav'n's justice this proclaims, and that her love.
What greater evil can I wish my foe,
Than his full draught of pleasure, from a cask
Unbroach'd by just authority, ungaug'd
By temperance, by reason unrefin'd?
A thousand dæmons lurk within the lee.
Heav'n, others, and ourselves! uninjur'd these;
Drink deep; the deeper, then, the more divine;
Angels are angels, from indulgence there;
'Tis unrepenting pleasure makes a God.

Dost think thyself a God from other joys?
A victim rather! shortly sure to bleed.
The wrong must mourn: can heav'n's appointments
Can man outwit Omnipotence? strike out (fail?
A self-wrought happiness unmeant by him
Who made us, and the world we would enjoy?
Who forms an instrument, ordains from whence
Its dissonance, or harmony, shall rise.
Heav'n bid the soul this mortal frame inspire;
Bid virtue's ray divine inspire the soul
With unprecious flows of vital joy;
And, without breathing, man as well might hope
For life, as without piety, for peace.

“Is virtue, then, and piety the same?”—
No, piety is more; 'tis virtue's source;
Mother of ev'ry worth, as that of joy.
Men of the world this doctrine ill digest;
They smile at piety; yet boast aloud

Good will to men ; nor know they strive to part
 What nature joins ; and thus confute themselves,
 With piety begins all good on earth ;
 'Tis the first-born of rationality.

Conscience , her first law broken , wounded lies ;
 Enfeebled , lifeless , impotent to good ;
 A feign'd affection bounds her utmost pow'r.
 Some we can't love , but for th' Almighty's sake ;
 A foe to GOD was ne'er true friend to man ;
 Some sinister intent taints all he does ;
 And , in his kindest actions , he's unkind.

On piety , humanity is built ;
 And , on humanity , much happiness ;
 And yet still more on piety itself.
 A soul in commerce with her GOD , is heav'n ;
 Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life ,
 The whirls of passions , and the strokes of heart.
 A Deity believ'd , is joy begun ;
 A Deity ador'd , is joy advanc'd ;
 A Deity belov'd , is joy matur'd.
 Each branch of piety delight inspires ;
 Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next ,
 O'er death's dark gulph , and all its horror hides ;
 Praise , the sweet exhalation of our joy ,
 That joy exalts , and makes it sweeter still ;
 Pray'r ardent opens heav'n , lets down a stream
 Of glory on the consecrated hour
 Of man , in audience with the Deity.
 Who worships the great God , that instant joins

The first in heav'n, and sets his foot on hell.

LORENZO ! when wast thou at church before ?
Thou think'st the service long : but is it just ?
Tho' just , unwelcome : thou hadst rather tread
Unhallow'd ground ; the Muse , to win thine ear ,
Must take an air less solemn. She complies.
Good conscience ! at the sound the world retires ;
Verse disaffects it , and LORENZO smiles ;
Yet has she her seraglio full of charms ;
And such as age shall heighten , not impair.
Art thou dejected ? Is thy mind o'ercast ?
Amid her fair ones , thou the fairest chuse ,
To chase thy gloom.—“Go, fix some weighty truth ;
” Chain down some passion ; do some gen'rous good ;
” Teach ignorance to see , or grief to smile ;
” Correct thy friend ; befriend thy greatest foe ;
” Or , with warm heart , and confidence divine ,
” Spring up , and lay strong hold on him who made
” thee

Thy gloom is scatter'd , sprightly spirits flow ;
Tho' wither'd is thy vine , and harp unstrung.

Dost call the bowl , the viol , and the dance ,
Loud mirth , mad laughter ? Wretched comforters !
Physicians ! more than half of thy disease.
Laughter , tho' never censur'd yet as sin ,
(Pardon a thought that only seems severe)
Is half-immoral : is it much indulg'd ?
By venting spleen , or dissipating thought ,
It shews a scorner , or it makes a fool ;

30 THE COMPLAINT. Night 8.

And sins, as hurting others, or ourselves.
'Tis pride, or emptiness, applies the straw,
That tickles little minds to mirth effuse;
Of grief approaching, the portentous sign!
The house of laughter makes a house of woe.
A man triumphant is a monstrous sight;
A man dejected is a sight as mean.
What cause for triumph, where such ills abound?
What for dejection, where presides a Pow'r,
Who call'd us into being to be blest?
So grieve, as conscious, grief may rise to joy;
So joy, as conscious, joy to grief may fall.
Most true, a wise man never will be sad;
But neither will sonorous, bubbling mirth,
A shallow stream of happiness betray:
Too happy to be sportive, he's serene.

Yet wouldst thou laugh (but at thy own expence)
This counsel strange should I presume to give—
“Retire, and read thy Bible, to be gay”.
There truths abound of sov'reign aid to peace;
Ah! do not prize them less, because inspir'd,
As thou, and thine, are apt and proud to do.
If not inspir'd, that pregnant page had stood,
Time's treasure! and the wonder of the wise!
Thou think'st, perhaps, thy soul alone at stake;
Alas!—Should men mistake thee for a fool;—
What man of taste for genius, wisdom, truth,
Tho' tender of thy fame, could interpose?
Believe me, sense, here, acts a double part,

And the true critic is a Christian too.

But these, thou think'st, are gloomy paths to joy.—

True joy in sun-shine ne'er was found at first;

They, first, themselves offend, who greatly please;

And travel only gives us sound repose.

Heav'n sells all pleasure: effort is the price;

The joys of conquest, are the joys of man;

And glory the victorious laurel spreads

O'er pleasure's pure, perpetual, placid stream.

There is a time, when toil must be prefer'd,

Or joy, by mis-tim'd fondness, is undone.

A man of pleasure, is a man of pains.

Thou wilt not take the trouble to be blest.

False joys, indeed, are born from want of thought;

From thought's full bent, and energy, the true;

And that demands a mind in equal poize,

Remote from gloomy grief, and glaring joy.

Much joy not only speaks small happiness,

But happiness that shortly must expire.

Can joy, unbottom'd in reflection, stand?

And, in a tempest, can reflection live?

Can joy, like thine, secure itself an hour?

Can joy, like thine, meet accident unshock'd?

Or ope the door to honest poverty?

Or talk with threat'ning death, and not turn pale?

In such a world, and such a nature, these

Are needful fundamentals of delight:

These fundamentals give delight indeed;

Delight, pure, delicate, and durable;

32 THE COMPLAINT. Night 8.

Delight, unshaken, masculine, divine;
A constant, and a sound, but serious joy.

Is joy the daughter of severity?

It is:—Yet far my doctrine from severe.

„ Rejoice for ever „: It becomes a man;
Exalts, and sets him nearer to the Gods.

„ Rejoice for ever „! Nature cries, „rejoice„;
And drinks to man, in her nectareous cup,
Mixt up of delicates for ev'ry sense;
To the great founder of the bounteous feast,
Drinks glory, gratitude, eternal praise;
And he that will not pledge her, is a churl.

Ill firmly to support, good fully taste,
Is the whole science of felicity:

Yet sparing pledge: her bowl is not the best
Mankind can boast.—“ A rational repast;

„ Exertion, vigilance, a mind in arms,

„ A military discipline of thought,

„ To foil temptation in the doubtful field;

„ And ever-waking ardour for the right „.

'Tis these, first, give, then guard, a chearful heart.

Nought that is right, think little; well aware,

What reason bids, GOD bids; by his command

How aggrandiz'd, the smallest thing we do!

Thus, nothing is insipid to the wise;

To thee, insipid all, but what is mad;

Joys season'd high, and tasting strong of guilt.

„ Mad! (thou reply'st, with indignation fir'd)

„ Of ancient sages proud to tread the steps,

« I follow nature. »—Follow nature still,
But look it be thine own: Is conscience, then,
No part of nature? Is she not supreme?
Thou regicide! O raise her from the dead!
Then, follow nature; and resemble God.

When, spite of conscience, pleasure is pursu'd,
Man's nature is unnaturally pleas'd:
And what's unnatural, is painful too
At intervals, and must disgust ev'n thee!
The fact thou know'st; but not, perhaps, the cause.
Virtue's foundations with the world's were laid;
Heav'n mixt her with our make, and twisted close
Her sacred int'rests with the strings of life.
Who breaks her awful mandate, shocks himself,
His better self: and is it greater pain,
Our soul should murmur, or our dust repine?
And one, in their eternal war, must bleed.

If one must suffer, which should least be spar'd?
The pains of mind surpass the pains of sense:
Ask, then, the gout, what torment is in guilt.
The joys of sense to mental joys are mean:
Sense on the present only feeds; the soul
On past, and future, forages for joy.
'Tis her's, by retrospect, thro' time to range;
And forward time's great sequel to survey.
Could human courts take vengeance on the mind,
Axes might rust, and racks, and gibbets, fall:
Guard, then, thy mind, and leave the rest to fate.
LORENZO! wilt thou never be a man?

The man is dead, who for the body lives,
 Lur'd, by the beating of his pulse, to list
 With ev'ry lust, that wars against his peace;
 And sets him quite at variance with himself.
 Thyself, first, know; then love: a self there is
 Of virtue fond, that kindles at her charms.
 A self there is, as fond of ev'ry vice,
 While ev'ry virtue wounds it to the heart:
 Humility degrades it, justice robs,
 Blest bounty beggars it, fair truth betrays,
 And god-like magnanimity destroys.
 This self, when rival to the former, scorn;
 When not in competition, kindly treat,
 Defend it, feed it: — But when virtue bids,
 Toss it, or to the fowls, or to the flames.
 And why? 'Tis love of pleasure bids thee bleed;
 Comply, or own self-love extinct, or blind.
 For, what is vice? Self-love in a mistake:
 A poor blind merchant buying joys too dear.
 And virtue, what? 'Tis self-love in her wits,
 Quite skilful in the market of delight.
 Self-love's good sense is love of that dread Pow'r,
 From whom herself, and all she can enjoy.
 Other self-love is but disguis'd self-hate;
 More mortal than the malice of our foes;
 A self-hate, now, scarce felt; then felt full-fore,
 When being, curst; extinction, loud implor'd;
 And ev'ry thing prefer'd to what we are.

Yet this self-love LORENZO makes his choice;

And, in this choice triumphant, boasts of joy.
How is his want of happiness betray'd,
By disaffection to the present hour!
Imagination wanders far a-field:
The future pleases: Why? The present pains.—
“But that's a secret”. Yes, which all men know;
And know from thee, discover'd unawares.
Thy ceaseless agitation, restless roll
From cheat to cheat, impatient of a pause;
What is it? —'Tis the cradle of the soul,
From instinct sent, to rock her in disease,
Which her physician, Reason, will not cure.
A poor expedient! yet thy best; and while
It mitigates thy pain, it owns it too.

Such are LORENZO's wretched remedies!
The weak have remedies; the wise have joys.
Superior wisdom is superior bliss.
And what sure mark distinguishes the wise?
Consistent wisdom ever wills the same;
Thy fickle wish is ever on the wing.
Sick of herself, is folly's character;
As wisdom's is, a modest self-applause.
A change of evils is thy good supreme;
Nor, but in motion, canst thou find thy rest.
Man's greatest strength is shewn in standing still.
The first sure symptom of a mind in health,
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.
False pleasure from abroad her joys imports;
Rich from within, and self-sustain'd, the true.

The true is fixt , and solid as a rock ;
 Slipp'ry the false , and tossing , as the wave.
 This , a wild wanderer on earth , like CAIN ;
 That , like the fabled , self-enamour'd boy ,
 Home-contemplation her supreme delight ;
 She dreads an interruption from without ,
 Smit with her own condition ; and the more
 Intense she gazes , still it charms the more.

No man is happy , till he thinks , on earth
 There breathes not a more happy than himself :
 Then envy dies , and love o'erflows on all ;
 And love o'erflowing makes an angel here.
 Such angels , all , intitled to repose
 On Him who governs fate. Tho' tempest frowns ,
 Tho' nature shakes , how soft to lean on heav'n !
 To lean on Him , on whom archangels lean !
 With inward eyes , and silent as the grave ,
 They stand collecting ev'ry beam of thought ,
 Till their hearts kindle with divine delight ;
 For all their thoughts , like angels , seen of old
 In ISRAEL's dream , come from , and go to , heav'n :
 Hence , are they studious of sequestred scenes ;
 While noise , and dissipation , comfort thee.

Were all men happy , revellings would cease ,
 That opiate for inquietude within.

LORENZO ! never man was truly blest ,
 But it compos'd , and gave him such a cast ,
 As folly might mistake for want of joy.
 A cast , unlike the triumph of the proud ;

A modest aspect, and a smile at heart.

O for a joy from thy PHILANDER's spring!

A spring perennial, rising in the breast,

And permanent, as pure! no turbid stream

Of rapt'rous exultation, swelling high;

Which, like land floods, impetuous pour awhile,

Then sink at once, and leave us in the mire.

What does the man, who transient joy prefers?

What, but prefer the bubbles to the stream?

Vain are all sudden fallies of delight;

Convulsions of a weak, distemper'd joy.

Joy's a fixt state; a tenure, not a start.

Bliss there is none, but unprecarious bliss:

That is the gem: sell all, and purchase that.

Why go a begging to contingencies,

Not gain'd with ease, nor safely lov'd, if gain'd?

At good fortuitous, draw back, and pause;

Suspect it; what thou canst ensure, enjoy;

And nought but what thou giv'st thyself, is sure.

Reason perpetuates joy that reason gives,

And makes it as immortal as herself:

To mortals, nought immortal, but their worth.

Worth, conscious worth! should absolutely reign;

And other joys ask leave for their approach;

Nor, unexamin'd, ever leave obtain.

Thou art all anarchy; a mob of joys

Wage war, and perish in intestine broils;

Not the least promise of internal peace!

No bosom-comfort! or unborrow'd bliss!

38 THE COMPLAINT. Night 8.

Thy thoughts are vagabonds ; all outward-bound,
Mid sands , and rocks , and storms , to cruise for
pleasure ; (gain'd.

If gain'd , dear-bought ; and better miss'd than
Much pain must expiate , what much pain procur'd.

Fancy , and sense , from an infected shore ,

Thy cargo bring ; and pestilence the prize.

Then , such thy thirst (insatiable thirst !

By fond indulgence but inflam'd the more !)

Fancy still cruises , when poor sense is tir'd.

Imagination is the Paphian shop ,

Where feeble happiness , like VULCAN , lame ,

Bids foul ideas , in their dark recess ,

And hot as hell (which kindled the black fires)

With wanton art , those fatal arrows form , (fame.

Which murder all thy time , health , wealth and

Wouldst thou receive them , other thoughts there

On angel-wing , descending from above , (are,

Which these , with art divine , would counter-

work ,

And form celestial armour for thy peace.

In this is seen imagination's guilt ;

But who can count her follies ? she betrays thee ,

To think in grandeur there is something great.

For works of curious art , and ancient fame ,

Thy genius hungers , elegantly pain'd ;

And foreign climes must cater for thy taste.

Hence , what disaster ! --Tho' the price was paid ,

That persecuting priest , the Turk of Rome ,

Whose foot (ye Gods!) tho' cloven, must be kiss'd,
Detain'd thy dinner on the Latian shore ;
(Such is the fate of honest Protestants !)
And poor magnificence is starv'd to death.
Hence just resentment, indignation, ire !—
Be pacify'd, if outward things are great,
'Tis magnanimity great things to scorn ;
Pompous expences, and parades august,
And courts, that insalubrious soil to peace.
True happiness ne'er enter'd at an eye ;
True happiness resides in things unseen.
No smiles of fortune ever blest the bad,
Nor can her frowns rob innocence of joys ;
That jewel wanting, triple crowns are poor :
So tell his Holiness, and be reveng'd.

Pleasure, we both agree, is man's chief good ;
Our only contest, what deserves the name.
Give pleasure's name to nought, but what has pass'd
Th' authentic seal of reason (which, like YORKE,
Demurs on what it passes), and defies
The tooth of time ; when past, a pleasure still ;
Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,
And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes
Our future, while it forms our present, joy.
Some joys the future overcast ; and some
Throw all their beams that way, and gild the tomb.
Some joys endear eternity ; some give
Abhorr'd annihilation dreadful charms.
Are rival joys contending for thy choice ?

Consult thy whole existence, and be safe;
 That oracle will put all doubt to flight.
 Short is the lesson, tho' my lecture long:
 Be good—and let heav'n answer for the rest.

Yet, with a sigh o'er all mankind, I grant,
 In this our day of proof, our land of hope,
 The good man has his clouds that intervene;
 Clouds, that obscure his sublunary day,
 But never conquer: ev'n the best must own,
 Patience, and resignation, are the pillars
 Of human peace on earth. The pillars, these:
 But those of SETH not more remote from thee,
 Till this heroic lesson thou hast learnt;
 To frown at pleasure, and to smile in pain.
 Fir'd at the prospect of unclouded bliss,
 Heav'n in reversion, like the sun, as yet
 Beneath th' horizon, cheers us in this world;
 It sheds, on souls susceptible of light,
 The glorious dawn of our eternal day.

“ This (says LORENZO) is a fair harangue :
 „ But can harangues blow back strong nature's
 stream ;

„ Or stem the tide heav'n pushes thro' our veins,
 „ Which sweeps away man's impotent resolves ,
 „ And lays his labour level with the world „ ?

Themselves men make their comment on man-
 kind;

And think nought is, but what they find at home:
 Thus, weakness to chimæra turns the truth,

Nothing romantic has the Muse prescrib'd.
 * Above, LORENZO saw the man of earth,
 The mortal man; and wretched was the sight.
 To balance that, to comfort, and exalt,
 Now see the man immortal. Him, I mean,
 Who lives as such; whose heart, full-bent on
 Leans all that way, his byas to the stars. (heav'n,
 The world's dark shades, in contrast set, shall raise
 His lustre more; tho' bright, without a foil:
 Observe his awful portrait, and admire;
 Nor stop at wonder; imitate, and live.

Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
 What nothing less than angel can exceed!
 A man on earth devoted to the skies;
 Like ships in seas, while in, above the world.

With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
 Behold him seated on a mount serene,
 Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm;
 All the black cares, and tumults, of this life,
 Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
 Excite his pity, not impair his peace,
 Earth's genuine sons, the scepter'd, and the slave,
 A mingled mob! a wand'ring herd! he sees,
 Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!
 His full reverse in all! What higher praise?
 What stronger demonstration of the right?

The present all their care; the future, his.
 When public welfare calls, or private want,

• In a former Night.

42 THE COMPLAINT. Night 8.

They give to fame ; his bounty he conceals.
 Their virtues varnish nature ; his exalt.
 Mankind's esteem they court ; and he , his own.
 Theirs , the wild chace of false felicities ;
 His , the compos'd possession of the true.
 Alike throughout is his consistent peace ,
 All of one colour , and an even thread ;
 While party-colour'd shreds of happiness ,
 With hideous gaps between , patch up for them
 A madman's robe ; each puff of fortune blows
 The tatters by , and shews their nakedness.

He sees with other eyes than theirs : where they
 Behold a sun , he spies a Deity ;
 What makes them only smile , makes him adore.
 Where they see mountains , he but atoms sees ;
 An empire , in his balance , weighs a grain.
 They things terrestrial worship , as divine :
 His hopes immortal blow them by , as dust ,
 That dims his sight , and shortens his survey ,
 Which longs , in Infinite , to lose all bound.
 Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
 He lays aside to find his dignity ;
 No dignity they find in aught besides.
 They triumph in externals (which conceal
 Man's real glory) , proud of an eclipse ;
 Himself too much he prizes to be proud ,
 And nothing thinks so great in man , as man.
 Too dear he holds his int'rest , to neglect
 Another's welfare , or his right invade ;

LL
 TT
 LL
 TT
 LL
 TT

Their int'rest, like a lion, lives on prey.
They kindle at the shadow of a wrong;
Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on heav'n,
Nor stoops to think his injurer, his foe; (peace.
Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his
A cover'd heart their character defends;
A cover'd heart denies him half his praise.
With nakedness his innocence agrees;
While their broad foliage testifies their fall.
Their no joys end, where his full feast begins:
His joys create, theirs murder, future bliss.
To triumph in existence, his alone;
And his alone, triumphantly to think
His true existence is not yet begun.
His glorious course was, yesterday, complete;
Death, then, was welcome; yet life still is sweet.
But nothing charms LORENZO, like the firm,
Undaunted breast—And whose is that high praise?
They yield to pleasure, tho' they danger brave,
And shew no fortitude, but in the field;
If there they shew it, 'tis for glory shewn;
Nor will that cordial always man their hearts.
A cordial his sustains, that cannot fail;
By pleasure unsubstu'd, unbroke by pain,
He shares in that Omnipotence he trusts.
All-bearing, all-attempting, till he falls;
And when he falls, writes VICI on his shield.
From magnanimity, all fear above;
From nobler recompence, above applause;

44 THE COMPLAINT. Night 8.

Which owes to man's short out-look all its charms.

Backward to credit what he never felt,

LORENZO cries, -- "where shines this miracle?

"From what root rises this immortal man?"

A root that grows not in LORENZO's ground;

The root disiect, nor wonder at the flow'r.

He follows nature (not like thee) and shews us
An uninverted system of a man.

His appetite wears reason's golden chain,

And finds, in due restraint, its luxury.

His passion, like an eagle well reclaim'd,

Is taught to fly at nought, but Infinite.

Patient his hope, un-anxious is his care,

His caution fearless, and his grief (if grief

The Gods ordain) a stranger to despair.

And why? -- Because affection, more than meet,

His wisdom leaves not disengag'd from heav'n.

Those secondary goods that smile on earth,

He, loving in proportion, loves in peace.

They most the world enjoy, who least admire.

His understanding 'scapes the common cloud

Of fumes, arising from a boiling breast.

His head is clear, because his heart is cool,

By worldly competitions uninflam'd.

The mod'rate movements of his soul admit

Distinct ideas, and matur'd debate,

An eye impartial, and an even scale;

Whence judgment sound, and unrepenting choice.

Thus, in a double sense, the good are wise;

On its own dunghill, wiser than the world.
What, then, the world? It must be doubly weak;
Strange truth! as soon would they believe their
Yet thus it is; nor otherwise can be; (creed.
So far from aught romantic, what I sing.
Bliss has no being, virtue has no strength,
But from the prospect of immortal life.
Who think earth all, or (what weighs just the same)
Who care no farther, must prize what it yields;
Fond of its fancies, proud of its parades.
Who thinks earth nothing, can't its charms admire;
He can't a foe, tho' most malignant, hate,
Because that hate would prove is greater foe.
'Tis hard for them (yet who so loudly boast
Good-will to men?) to love their dearest friend;
For may not he invade their good supreme,
Where the least jealousy turns love to gall?
All shines to them, that for a season shines.
Each act, each thought, he questions, "what its
weight,
"Its colour what, a thousand ages hence"?—
And what it there appears, he deems it now.
Hence, pure are the recesses of his soul.
The god-like man has nothing to conceal.
His virtue, constitutionally deep,
Has habit's firmness, and affection's flame;
Angels, ally'd, descend to feed the fire;
And death, which others slays, makes him a God.
And now, LORENZO! bigot of this world!

46 THE COMPLAINT. Night 8.

Wont to disdain poor bigots caught by heav'n!
 Stand by thy scorn, and be reduc'd to nought:
 For what art thou?—Thou boaster! while thy glare,
 Thy gaudy grandeur, and mere worldly worth,
 Like a broad mist, at distance, strikes us most;
 And, like a mist, is nothing when at hand;
 His merit, like a mountain, on approach,
 Swells more, and rises nearer to the skies,
 By promise now, and, by possession, soon,
 (Too soon, too much, it cannot be) his own.
 From this thy just annihilation rise,
 LORENZO! rise to something, by reply.
 The world, thy client, listens, and expects;
 And longs to crown thee with immortal praise.
 Canst thou be silent? No; for wit is thine;
 And wit talks most, when least she has to say,
 And reason interrupts not her career.
 She'll say—That mists above the mountains rise;
 And, with a thousand pleasantries, amuse;
 She'll sparkle, puzzle, flutter, raise a dust,
 And fly conviction, in the dust she rais'd.

Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taste?
 'Tis precious, as the vehicle of sense;
 But, as its substitute, a dire disease.
 Pernicious talent! flatter'd by the world,
 By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare.
 Wisdom is rare, LORENZO! wit abounds;
 Passion can give it; sometimes wine inspires
 The lucky flash; and madness rarely fails.

Whatever cause the spirit strongly stirs,
Confers the bays, and rivals thy renown.
For thy renown, 'twere well, was this the worst;
Chance often hits it; and, to pique thee more,
See dullness, blund'ring on vivacities,
Shakes her sage head at the calamity,
Which has expos'd, and let her down to thee.
But wisdom, awful wisdom! which inspects,
Discerns, compares, weighs, separates, infers,
Seizes the right, and holds it to the last;
How rare! In senates, synods, sought in vain;
Or if there found, 'tis sacred to the few;
While a lewd prostitute to multitudes,
Frequent, as fatal, wit: in civil life,
Wit makes an enterprizer; sense, a man.
Wit hates authority; commotion loves,
And thinks herself the lightning of the storm.
In states, 'tis dangerous; in religion, death:
Shall wit turn Christian, when the dull believe?
Sense is our helmet, wit is but the plume;
The plume exposes, 'tis our helmet saves.
Sense is the di'mond, weighty, solid, sound;
When cut by wit, it casts a brighter beam;
Yet, wit apart, it is a di'mond still.
Wit, widow'd of good sense, is worse than nought;
It hoists more sail to run against a rock.
Thus, a half-CHESTERFIELD is quite a fool;
Whom dull fools scorn, and bless their want of wit.
How ruinous the rock I warn thee shun,

48 THE COMPLAINT. Night 8.

Where Syrens sit, to sing thee to thy fate!
 A joy, in which our reason bears no part,
 Is but a sorrow tickling, ere it stings.
 Let not the cooings of the world allure thee;
 Which of her lovers ever found her true?
 Happy! of this bad world who little know;—
 And yet, we much must know her, to be safe.
 To know the world, not love her, is thy point;
 She gives but little, nor that little, long.
 There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulse;
 A dance of spirits, a mere froth of joy,
 Our thoughtless agitation's idle child,
 That mantles high, that sparkles, and expires;
 Leaving the soul more vapid than before.
 An animal ovation! such as holds
 No commerce with our reason, but subsists
 On juices, thro' the well-ton'd tubes, well-strain'd;
 A nice machine! scarce ever tun'd aright;
 And when it jars—thy Syrens sing no more,
 Thy dance is done; the demi-God is thrown
 (Short apotheosis!) beneath the man,
 In coward gloom immers'd, or fell despair.

Art thou yet dull enough despair to dread,
 And startle at destruction? If thou art,
 Accept a buckler, take it to the field;
 (A field of battle is this mortal life!)
 When danger threatens, lay it on thy heart;
 A single sentence proof against the world.
 "Soul, body, fortune! Ev'ry good pertains

" To

» To one of these ; but prize not all alike ;
» The goods of fortune to thy body's health ,
» Body to soul , and soul submit to God ».

Wouldst thou build lasting happiness ? Do this ;
Th' inverted pyramid can never stand.

Is this truth doubtful ? It outshines the sun ;
Nay , the sun shines not , but to shew us this ,
The single lesson of mankind on earth.

And yet—yet, what ? No news ! Mankind is mad ;
Such mighty numbers list against the right ,
(And what can't numbers, when bewitch'd , atchie-
They talk themselves to something like belief, (ve!)
That all earth's joys are theirs : as Athens' fool
Grinn'd from the port , on ev'ry sail his own.

They grin ; but wherefore ? And how long the
Halfignorance, their mirth ; and half, a lye ; (laugh ?
To cheat the world , and cheat themselves , they
Hard either task ! The most abandon'd own, (smile.
That others , if abandon'd , are undone :
Then , for themselves , the moment reason wakes,
(And Providence denies it long repose)
O how laborious is their gaiety !

They scarce can swallow their ebullient spleen ;
Scarce muster patience to support the farce ,
And pump sad laughter till the curtain falls.
Scarce , did I say ? Some cannot fit it out ;
Oft their own daring hands the curtain draw ,
And shew us what their joy , by their despair.

The clotted hair ! gor'd breast ! blaspheming eye !

Its impious fury still alive in death !
 Shut, shut the shocking scene.—But heav'n denies
 A cover to such guilt ; and so should man.
 Look round, LORENZO ! see the reeking blade ;
 Th' invenom'd phial, and the fatal ball ;
 The strangling cord, and suffocating stream ;
 The loathsome rottenness, and foul decays
 From raging riot (slower suicides !)
 And pride in these, more execrable still !
 How horrid all to thought !— But horrors, these,
 That vouch the truth ; and aid my feeble song.

From vice, sense, fancy, no man can be blest:
 Bliss is too great, to lodge within an hour :
 When an immortal being aims at bliss,
 Duration is essential to the name.

O for a joy from reason ! Joy from that,
 Which makes man Man ; and, exercis'd aright,
 Will make him more : a bounteous joy ! that gives,
 And promises ; that weaves, with art divine,
 The richest prospect into present peace :
 A joy ambitious ! Joy in common held
 With thrones ethereal, and their greater far ;
 A joy high-privileg'd from chance, time, death !
 A joy, which death shall double, judgment crown !
 Crown'd higher, and still higher, at each stage,
 Thro' blest eternity's long day ; yet still,
 Not more remote from sorrow, than from him,
 Whose lavish hand, whose love stupendous, pours
 So much of Deity on guilty dust,

There, O my LUCIA! may I meet thee there,
Where not thy presence can improve my bliss!
Affects not this the sages of the world?
Can nought affect them, but what fools them too?
Eternity, depending on an hour, (praise.
Makes serious thought man's wisdom, joy, and
Nor need you blush (tho' sometimes your designs
May shun the light) at your designs on heav'n:
Sole point! where over-bashful is your blame.
Are you not wise? — You know you are: yet hear
One truth, amid your num'rous schemes, mislaid,
Or overlook'd, or thrown aside, if seen;
“ Our schemes to plan by this world, or the next,
” Is the sole difference between wise and fool.”
All worthy men will weigh you in this scale;
What wonder then, if they pronounce you light?
Is their esteem alone not worth your care?
Accept my simple scheme of common sense:
Thus, save your fame, and make two worlds your
own.

The world replies not;—but the world persists;
And puts the cause off to the longest day,
Planning evasions for the day of doom.
So far, at that re-hearing, from redress,
They then turn witnesses against themselves,
Hear that, LORENZO! Nor be wise to-morrow.
Haste, haste! A man, by nature, is in haste;
For who shall answer for another hour?
'Tis highly prudent, to make one sure friend;

And that thou canst not do, this side the skies.

Ye sons of earth! (nor willing to be more!)
 Since verse you think from priestcraft somewhat
 Thus, in an age so gay, the Muse plain truths (free,
 (Truths, which, at church, you might have heard
 in prose)

Has ventur'd into light; well-pleas'd the verse
 Should be forgot, if you the truths retain;
 And crown her with your welfare, not your praise.
 But praise she need not fear: I see my fate;
 And headlong leap, like CURTIUS, down the gulph.
 Since many an ample volume, mighty tome,
 Must die; and die unwept; O thou minute,
 Devoted page! go forth among thy foes;
 Go, nobly proud of martyrdom for truth,
 And die a double death: mankind incens'd,
 Denies thee long to live: nor shalt thou rest,
 When thou art dead; in Stygian shades arraign'd
 By LUCIFER, as traitor to his throne;
 And bold blasphemer of his friend,—the WORLD;
 The WORLD, whose legions cost him slender pay,
 And volunteers, around his banner swarm;
 Prudent, as PRUSSIA, in her zeal for GAUL.

«Are all, then, fools?» LORENZO cries.—Yes, all,
 But such as hold this doctrine (new to thee)
 «The mother of true wisdom is the will;»
 The noblest intellect, a fool without it.
 World-wisdom much has done, and more may do,
 In arts and sciences, in wars, and peace;

But art and science, like thy wealth, will leave
thee,

And make thee twice a beggar at thy death.

This is the most indulgence can afford ;—

“Thy wisdom all can do, but—make thee wise”.

Nor think this censure is severe on thee ;

Satan, thy master, I dare call a dunce.

Spencer's Magazine

1851

MOITA, JOAQUIM

18

NIGHT THE NINTH AND LAST.

THE
CONSOLATION.

CONTAINING, AMONG OTHER THINGS,

I. A MORAL Survey of the NOCTURNAL
Heavens.

II. A NIGHT-ADDRESS to the DEITY.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE,

One of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

—*Fatis contraria fata rependens.* VIRG.

As when a traveller, a long day past
In painful search of what he cannot find,
At night's approach, content with the next cot,
There ruminates, a while, his labour lost;
Then cheers his heart with what his fate affords,
And chants his sonnet to deceive the time,

58 THE CONSOLATION. Night 9.

Till the due season calls him to repose :

Thus I, long-travell'd in the ways of men ,

And dancing, with the rest, the giddy maze ,

Where disappointment smiles at hope's career ;

Warn'd by the languor of life's ev'ning ray ,

At length have hous'd me in an humble shed ;

Where , future wand'ring banish'd from my
thought,

And waiting, patient, the sweet hour of rest,

I chase the moments with a serious song.

Song sooths our pains ; and age has pains to sooth.

When age, care, crime, and friends embrac'd at
heart,

Torn from my bleeding breast, and death's dark
shade,

Which hovers o'er me, quench th' ethereal fire ;

Canst thou, O Night! indulge one labour more ?

One labour more indulge! then sleep, my strain !

Till, haply, wak'd by RAPHAEL's golden lyre,

Where night, death, age, care, crime, and sorrow,

To bear a part in everlasting lays ; (cease ;

Though far, far higher set, in aim, I trust,

Symphonious to this humble prelude here.

Has not the Muse asserted pleasures pure,

Like those above ; exploding other joys ?

Weigh what was urg'd, LORENZO ! fairly weigh ;

And tell me, hast thou cause to triumph still ?

I think, thou wilt forbear a boast so bold,

But if, beneath the favour of mistake,

Thy smile's sincere; not more sincere can be
LORENZO's smile, than my compassion for him.
The sick in body call for aid; the sick
In mind are covetous of more disease; (well.
And when at worst, they dream themselves quite
To know ourselves diseas'd, is half our cure.

When nature's blush by custom is wip'd off,
And conscience, deaden'd by repeated strokes,
Has into manners naturaliz'd our crimes;
The curse of curses is, our curse to love;
To triumph in the blackness of our guilt,
(As Indians glory in the deepest jet)
And throw aside our senses with our peace.

But grant no guilt, no shame, no least alloy;
Grant joy and glory quite unfully'd shone;
Yet, still, it ill deserves LORENZO's heart.
No joy, no glory, glitters in thy sight,
But, through the thin partition of an hour,
I see its fables wove by destiny;
And that in sorrow bury'd; this, in shame;
While howling furies ring the doleful knell;
And conscience, now so soft, thou scarce canst hear
Her whisper, echoes her eternal peal.

Where, the prime actors of the last year's scene;
Their port so proud, their buskin, and their plume?
How many sleep, who kept the world awake
With lustre, and with noise! has death proclaim'd
A truce, and hung his fated lance on high?
'Tis brandish'd still; nor shall the present year

Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.

But needless monuments to wake the thought;
Life's gayest scenes speak man's mortality;
Though in a style more florid, full as plain,
As mausoleums, pyramids, and tombs.
What are our noblest ornaments, but deaths
Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint, or marble,
The well-stain'd canvas, or the featur'd stone?
Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the scene.
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.

“ Profest diversions! cannot these escape? ” —
Far from it: these present us with a shroud;
And talk of death, like garlands o'er a grave.
As some bold plunderers, for bury'd wealth,
We ransack tombs for pastime; from the dust
Call up the sleeping hero; bid him tread
The scene for our amusement: how like Gods
We sit; and, wrapt in immortality,
Shed gen'rous tears on wretches born to die;
Their fate deploring, to forget our own!

What all the pomps and triumphs of our lives,
But legacies in blossom? Our lean soil,
Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities,
From friends interr'd beneath; a rich manure!
Like other worms, we banquet on the dead;
Like other worms, shall we crawl on, nor know
Our present frailties, or approaching fate?

LORENZO! such the glories of the world!

What is the world itself? Thy world – A grave.
Where is the dust that has not been alive?
The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors;
From human mould we reap our daily bread.
The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons.
O'er devastation we blind revels keep;
Whole bury'd towns support the dancer's heel.
The moist of human frame the sun exhales;
Winds scatter through the mighty void the dry;
Earth repossesses part of what she gave,
And the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire;
Each element partakes our scatter'd spoils;
As nature, wide, our ruins spread: man's death
Inhabits all things, but the thought of man.

Nor man alone; his breathing bust expires,
His tomb is mortal; empires die: Where, now,
The Roman? Greek? They stalk, an empty name!
Yet few regard them in this useful light;
Though half our learning is their epitaph.
When down thy vale, unlockt by midnight
thought,

That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,
O death! I stretch my view: what visions rise!
What triumphs! toils imperial! arts divine!
In wither'd laurels glide before my sight!
What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high
With human agitation, roll along
In unsubstantial images of air!

The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,
 Whisp'ring faint echoes of the world's applause,
 With penitential aspect, as they pass,
 All point at earth, and hiss at human pride,
 The wisdom of the wise, and prancings of the great.

But, O LORENZO! far the rest above,
 Of ghastly nature, and enormous size,
 One form assaults my sight, and chills my blood,
 And shakes my frame. Of one departed world
 I see the mighty shadow: oozy wreath
 And dismal sea-weed crown her; o'er her urn
 Reclin'd, she weeps her desolated realms,
 And bloated sons; and, weeping, prophesies
 Another's dissolution, soon, in flames.
 But, like CASSANDRA, prophesies in vain;
 In vain, to many; not, I trust, to thee.

For, know'st thou not, or art thou loth to know,
 The great decree, the counsel of the skies?
 Deluge and conflagration, dreadful pow'rs!
 Prime ministers of vengeance! chain'd in caves
 Distinct, apart the giant furies roar;
 Apart; or, such their horrid rage for ruin,
 In mutual conflict would they rise, and wage
 Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd.
 But not for this, ordain'd their boundless rage;
 When heav'n's inferior instruments of wrath,
 War, famine, pestilence, are found too weak
 To scourge a world for her enormous crimes,
 These are let loose, alternate: down they rush,

Swift and tempestuous, from th' eternal throne,
With irresistible commission arm'd,
The world, in vain corrected, to destroy,
And ease creation of the shocking scene.

Seest thou, LORENZO! what depends on man?
The fate of nature; as for man, her birth.
Earth's actors change earth's transitory scenes,
And make creation groan with human guilt.
How must it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd,
But not of waters! At the destin'd hour,
By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,
See, all the formidable sons of fire,
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
Their various engines; all at once disgorge
Their blazing magazines; and take, by storm,
This poor terrestrial citadel of man.

Amazing period! when each mountain-height
Out-burns Vesuvius; rocks eternal pour
Their melted mafs, as rivers once they pour'd;
Stars rush; and final ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er creation!—while aloft,
More than astonishment! if more can be!
Far other firmament than e'er was seen,
Than e'er was thought by man! far other stars!
Stars animate, that govern these of fire;
Far other sun!—A sun, O how unlike
The Babe at Bethlem! how unlike the Man,
That groan'd on Calvary!—Yet He it is;
That Man of sorrows! O how chang'd! what pomp!

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In grandeur terrible, all heav'n descends!
 And Gods, ambitious, triumph in his train.
 A swift archangel, with his golden wing,
 As blots and clouds, that darken and disgrace
 The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside.
 And now, all dross remov'd, heav'n's own pure day,
 Full on the confines of our æther, flames.
 While (dreadful contrast!) far, how far beneath!
 Hell, burbling, belches forth her blazing seas,
 And storms sulphureous; her voracious jaws
 Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.

LORENZO! welcome to this scene; the last
 In nature's course; the first in wisdom's thought.
 This strikes, if aught can strike thee; this awakes
 The most supine; this snatches man from death.
 Rouse, rouse, LORENZO, then, and follow me,
 Where truth, the most momentous man can hear,
 Loud calls my soul, and ardor wings her flight.
 I find my inspiration in my theme;
 The grandeur of my subject is my Muse.

At midnight, when mankind is wrapt in peace,
 And worldly fancy feeds on golden dreams;
 To give more dread to man's most dreadful hour,
 At midnight, 'tis presum'd, this pomp will burst
 From tenfold darkness; sudden as the spark
 From smitten steel; from nitrous grain, the blaze.
 Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more!
 The day is broke, which never more shall close!
 Above, around, beneath, amazement all!

Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!
Our GOD in grandeur, and our world on fire!
All nature struggling in the pangs of death!
Dost thou not hear her? Dost thou not deplore
Her strong convulsions, and her final groan?
Where are we now? Ah me! the ground is gone,
On which we stood; LORENZO! while thou may'st,
Provide more firm support, or sink for ever!
Where? how? from whence? vain hope! it is
too late!

Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty fly,
When consternation turns the good man pale?

Great day! for which all other days were made;
For which earth rose from chaos, man from earth;
And an eternity, the date of Gods,
Descended on poor earth-created man!

Great day of dread, decision, and despair!
At thought of thee each sublunary wish
Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world;
And catches at each reed of hope in heav'n.
At thought of thee! — and art thou absent then?
LORENZO! no; 'tis here; it is begun; —

Already' is begun the grand assize,
In thee, in all: Deputed conscience scales
The dread tribunal, and forestalls our doom;
Forestalls; and, by forestalling, proves it sure.
Why on himself should man void judgment pass?
Is idle nature laughing at her sons?
Who conscience sent, her sentence will support,

66 THE CONSOLATION. Night 9.

And GOD above assert that GOD in man.

Thrice happy they ! that enter now the court
Heav'n opens in their bosoms : but , how rare ,
Ah me ! that magnanimity , how rare !

What hero , like the man who stands himself ;
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone ;
Who hears , intrepid , the full charge it brings ,
Resolv'd to silence future murmurs there ?

The coward flies ; and , flying , is undone.

(Art thou a coward ? No :) The coward flies ;
Thinks , but thinks slightly ; asks , but fears to
know ;

Asks , «What is truth » ? with PILATE ; and retires ;
Dissolves the court , and mingles with the throng ;
Asylum sad ! from reason , hope , and heav'n !

Shall all , but man , look out with ardent eye ,
For that great day , which was ordain'd for man ?
O day of consummation ! mark supreme
(If men are wise) of human thought ! nor least ,
Or in the sight of angels , or their KING !
Angels , whose radiant circles , height o'er height ,
Order o'er order , rising , blaze o'er blaze ,
As in a theatre , surround this scene ,
Intent on man , and anxious for his fate.

Angels look out for thee ; for thee , their LORD ,
To vindicate his glory ; and for thee ,
Creation universal calls aloud ,
To dis-involve the moral world , and give
To nature's renovation brighter charms.



Shall man alone, whose fate, whose final
fate,

Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?

I think of nothing else; I see! I feel it!

All nature, like an earthquake, trembling round!

All Deities, like summer's swarms, on wing!

All basking in the full meridian blaze!

I see the JUDGE inthron'd! the flaming guard!

The volume open'd! open'd ev'ry heart!

A sun-beam pointing out each secret thought!

No patron! intercessor none! now past

The sweet, the clement, mediatorial hour!

For guilt no plea! to pain, no pause! no bound!

Inexorable, all! and all, extreme!

Nor man alone; the foe of God and man,

From his dark den, blaspheming, drags his chain,

And rears his brazen front, with thunder scarr'd:

Receives his sentence, and begins his hell.

All vengeance past, now, seems abundant grace:

Like meteors in a stormy sky, how roll

His baleful eyes! he curses whom he dreads;

And deems it the first moment of his fall. (is it?

'Tis present to my thought!—and yet where

Angels can't tell me; angels cannot guess

The period; from created beings lock'd

In darkness. But the process, and the place,

Are less obscure; for these may man enquire.

Say, thou great close of human hopes and fears!

Great key of hearts! great finisher of fates!

68 THE CONSOLATION. Night 9.

Great end! and great beginning! say, where art
Art thou in time, or in eternity? (thou?

Nor in eternity, nor time, I find thee.

These, as two monarchs, on their borders meet,
(Monarchs of all elaps'd, or unarriv'd!)

As in debate, how best their pow'rs ally'd,

May swell the grandeur, or discharge the wrath,
Of HIM, whom both their monarchies obey.

Time, this fast fabric for him built (and doom'd
With him to fall) now bursting o'er his head;

His lamp, the sun, extinguish'd; from beneath

The frown of hideous darkness, calls his sons

From their long slumber; from earth's heaving
womb,

To second birth! contemporary throng!

Rous'd at one call, upstart'd from one bed,

Prest in one croud, appall'd with one amaze,

He turns them o'er, Eternity! to thee.

Then (as a king depos'd disdains to live)

He falls on his own scythe; nor falls alone;

His greatest foe falls with him; Time, and he

Who murder'd all time's offspring, Death, expire.

TIME was! ETERNITY now reigns alone!

Awful Eternity! offended queen!

And her resentment to mankind, how just!

With kind intent, soliciting access,

How often has she knock'd at human hearts!

Rich to repay their hospitality,

How often call'd! and with the voice of GOD!

Yet bore repulse, excluded as a cheat!
A dream! while foulest foes found welcome there!
A dream, a cheat, now all things, but her smile.
For, lo! her twice ten thousand gates thrown
Wide,
As thrice from Indus to the frozen pole,
With banners streaming as the comet's blaze,
And clarions, louder than the deep in storms,
Sonorous as immortal breath can blow,
Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and pow'rs,
Of light, of darkness; in a middle field,
Wide, as creation! populous, as wide!
A neutral region! there to mark th' event
Of that great drama, whose preceding scenes
Detain'd them close spectators, through a length
Of ages, rip'ning to this grand result;
Ages, as yet unnumber'd, but by GOD;
Who now, pronouncing sentence, vindicates
The rights of virtue, and his own renown.

ETERNITY, the various sentence past,
Assigns the sever'd throng distinct abodes,
Sulphureous, or ambrosial: what ensues?
The deed predominant! the deed of deeds!
Which makes a hell of hell, a heav'n of heav'n,
The Goddess, with determin'd aspect; turns
Her adamant key's enormous size
Through destiny's inextricable wards,
Deep driving ev'ry bolt, on both their fates.
Then, from the crystal battlements of heav'n,

Down, down, she hurls it through the dark profound,
 found,

Ten thousand thousand fathom; there to rust,
 And ne'er unlock her resolution more. (glooms,
 The deep resounds; and hell, through all her
 Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.

O how unlike the chorus of the skies!
 O how unlike those shouts of joy, that shake
 The whole ethereal! how the concave rings!
 Nor strange! when deities their voice exalt;
 And louder far, than when creation rose,
 To see creation's godlike aim, and end,
 So well accomplish'd! so divinely clos'd!
 To see the mighty dramatist's last act
 (As meet) in glory rising o'er the rest.
 No fancy'd GOD, a GOD, indeed, descends,
 To solve all knots; to strike the moral home;
 To throw full day on darkest scenes of time;
 To clear, commend, exalt, and crown the whole.
 Hence, in one peal of loud, eternal praise,
 The charm'd spectators thunder their applause;
 And the vast void beyond, applause resounds.

WHAT THEN AM I?—

Amidst applauding worlds,
 And worlds celestial, is there found on earth,
 A peevish, dissonant, rebellious string,
 Which jars in the grand chorus, and complains?
 Censure on thee, LORENZO! I suspend,
 And turn it on myself; how greatly due!

All, all is right ; by GOD ordain'd or done ;
And who , but GOD , resum'd the friends he gave ?
And have I been complaining , then , so long ?
Complaining of his favours ; pain , and death ?
Who , without pain's advice , would e'er be good ?
Who , without death , but would be good in vain ?
Pain is to save from pain ; all punishment ,
To make for peace ; and death to save from death ;
And second death , to guard immortal life ;
To rouse the careless , the presumptuous awe ,
And turn the tide of souls another way ;
By the same tendernefs divine ordain'd ,
That planted Eden , and high-bloom'd for man ,
A fairer Eden , endless , in the skies. (scene ;

Heav'n gives us friends to bless the present
Resumes them , to prepare us for the next.

All evils natural are moral goods ;
All discipline , indulgence , on the whole.
None are unhappy : all have cause to smile ,
But such as to themselves that cause deny.
Our faults are at the bottom of our pains ;
Error , in acts , or judgement , is the source
Of endless sighs : we sin , or we mistake ;
And nature tax , when false opinion stings.
Let impious grief be banish'd , joy indulg'd ;
But chiefly then , when grief puts in her claim.
Joy from the joyous , frequently betrays ,
Oft lives in vanity , and dies in woe.
Joy , amidst ills , corroborates , exalts ;

'Tis joy, and conquest ; joy, and virtue too.
 A noble fortitude in ills , delights
 Heav'n , earth , ourselves ; 'tis duty , glory , peace.
 Affliction is the good man's shining scene ;
 Prosperity conceals his brightest ray ;
 As night to stars , woe lustre gives to man.
 Heroes in battle , pilots in the storm ,
 And virtue in calamities , admire.
 The crown of manhood is a winter-joy ;
 An ever-green , that stands the Northern blast ,
 And blossoms in the rigour of our fate.

'Tis a prime part of happiness , to know
 How much unhappiness must prove our lot ;
 A part which few possess ! I'll pay life's tax ,
 Without one rebel murmur , from this hour ,
 Nor think it misery to be a man ;
 Who thinks it is , shall never be a God.
 Some ills we wish for , when we wish to live.

What spoke proud passion ? — “ * Wish my
 „ being lost ! ”

Presumptuous ! blasphemous ! absurd ! and false !
 The triumph of my soul is , —that I am ;
 And therefore that I may be —what ? LORENZO !
 Look inward , and look deep ; and deeper still ;
 Unfathomably deep our treasure runs
 In golden veins , through all eternity !
 Ages , and ages , and succeeding still
 New ages , where the phantom of an hour ,

• Referring to the first night.

Which

Which courts, each night, dull slumber, for repair,
Shall wake, and wonder, and exult, and praise,
And fly through infinite, and all unlock;
And (if deserv'd) by heav'n's redundant love,
Made half-adorable itself, adore;
And find, in adoration, endless joy!
Where thou, not master of a moment here,
Frail as the flow'r, and fleeting as the gale,
May'st boast a whole eternity, enrich'd
With all a kind Omnipotence can pour.
Since ADAM fell, no mortal, uninspir'd,
Has ever yet conceiv'd, or ever shall,
How kind is GOD, how great (if good) is MAN.
No man too largely from heav'n's love can hope,
If what is hop'd he labours to secure. (thee;
Ills?—there are none: All-gracious! none from
From man full many! num'rous is the race
Of blackest ill, and those immortal too,
Begot by madness on fair liberty;
Heav'n's daughter, hell-debauch'd! her hand alone
Unlocks destruction to the sons of men,
Fast barr'd by thine: high-wall'd with adamant,
Guarded with terrors reaching to this world,
And cover'd with the thunders of thy law;
Whose threats are mercies, whose injunctions, gui-
Assisting, not restraining, reason's choice; (des,
Whose sanctions, unavoidable results
From nature's course, indulgently reveal'd;
If unreveal'd, more dang'rous, nor less sure.

Thus, an indulgent father warns his sons,
 "Do this; fly that" —nor always tells the cause;
 Pleas'd to reward, as duty to his will,
 A conduct needful to their own repose.

Great GOD of wonders! (if, thy love survey'd,
 Aught else the name of wonderful retains)
 What rocks are these, on which to build our trust!
 Thy ways admit no blemish; none I find;
 Or this alone — "That none is to be found".
 Not one, to soften censure's hardy crime;
 Not one, to palliate peevish grief's COMPLAINT,
 Who like a dæmon, murm'ring from the dust,
 Dares into judgment call her Judge. —SUPREME!
 For all I bless thee; most, for the severe;
 * Her death—my own at hand—the fiery gulph,
 That flaming bound of wrath omnipotent!
 It thunders; —but it thunders to preserve;
 It strengthens what it strikes; its wholesome dread
 Averts the dreaded pain; its hideous groans
 Join heav'n's sweet hallelujahs in thy praise,
 Great Source of good alone! how kind in all!
 In vengeance kind! pain, death, gehenna, SAVE!

Thus, in thy world material, Mighty Mind!
 Not that alone which solaces, and shines,
 The rough and gloomy, challenges our praise.
 The winter is as needful as the spring;
 The thunder, as the sun; a stagnate mass
 Of vapours breeds a pestilential air:

* LUCIA.

Nor more propitious the Favonian breeze
To nature's health ; than purifying storms ;
The dread Volcano ministers to good.
Its smother'd flames might undermine the world,
Loud Ætnas fulminate in love to man ;
Comets . good omens are , when duly scann'd ;
And, in their use , eclipses learn to shine.

Man is responsible for ills receiv'd ;
Those we call wretched are a chosen band ,
Compell'd to refuge in the right , for peace.
Amid my list of blessings infinite ,
Stand this the foremost, "That my heart has bled,"
'Tis heav'n's last effort of good-will to man ;
When pain can't bless , heav'n quits us in despair.
Who fails to grieve , when just occasion calls ,
Or grieves too much , deserves not to be blest ;
Inhuman , or effeminate , his heart ;
Reason absolves the grief , which reason ends.
May heav'n ne'er trust my friend with happiness,
Till it has taught him how to bear it well ,
By previous pain ; and made it safe to smile !
Such smiles are mine , and such may they remain ;
Nor hazard their extinction , from excess.
My change of heart a change of style demands ;
The CONSOLATION cancels the COMPLAINT ,
And makes a convert of my guilty song.

As when o'er-labour'd , and inclin'd to breathe ,
A panting traveller , some rising ground ,
Some small ascent , has gain'd, he turns him round ,

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And measures with his eye the various vales;
 The fields, woods, meads, and rivers, he has past;
 And, fatiate of his journey, thinks of home,
 Endear'd by distance, nor affects more toil;
 Thus I, though small, indeed, is that ascent
 The Muse has gain'd, review the paths she trod;
 Various, extensive, beaten but by view;
 And, conscious of her prudence in repose,
 Pause; and with pleasure meditate an end,
 Though still remote; so fruitful is my theme.
 Through many a field of moral, and divine,
 The Muse has stray'd; and much of sorrow seen
 In human ways; and much of false and vain;
 Which none, who travel this bad road, can miss.
 O'er friends deceas'd full heartily she wept;
 Of love divine the wonders she display'd;
 Prov'd man immortal; shew'd the source of joy;
 The grand tribunal rais'd; assign'd the bounds
 Of human grief: in few, to close the whole,
 The moral Muse has shadow'd out a sketch,
 Though not in form, nor with a RAPHAEL-stroke,
 Of most our weakness needs believe, or do,
 In this our land of travel, and of hope,
 For peace on earth, or prospect of the skies.

What then remains? much! much! a mighty debt
 To be discharg'd: these thoughts, O NIGHT! are
 thine;

From thee they came, like lovers' secret sighs,
 While others slept. So, CYNTHIA (poets feign)

In shadows veil'd, soft-sliding from her sphere,
Her shepherd chear'd; of her enamour'd less,
Than I of thee. —And art thou still unsung,
Beneath whose brow, and by whose aid, I sing?
Immortal silence! where shall I begin?
Where end? or how steal music from the spheres,
To sooth their Goddess?

O majestic NIGHT!

Nature's great ancestor! day's elder-born!
And fated to survive the transient sun!
By mortals, and immortals, seen with awe!
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waist; clouds, in heav'n's loom
Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form; and, heav'n throughout,
Voluminously pour thy pompous train.
Thy gloomy grandeurs (nature's most august,
Inspiring aspect!) claim a grateful verse;
And, like a sable curtain starr'd with gold,
Drawn o'er my labours past, shall close the scene.

And what, O man! so worthy to be sung?
What more prepares us for the songs of heav'n?
Creation, of archangels is the theme!
What, to be sung, so needful? What so well
Celestial joys prepare us to sustain?
The soul of man, His face design'd to see,
Who gave these wonders to be seen by man,
Has here a previous scene of objects great,

On which to dwell ; to stretch to that expanse
 Of thought , to rise to that exalted height
 Of admiration , to contract that awe ,
 And give her whole capacities that strength ,
 Which best may qualify for final joy.

The more our spirits are enlarg'd on earth ,
 The deeper draught shall they receive of heav'n.
 Heav'n's KING ! whose face unveil'd consumma-
 tes bliss ;

Redundant bliss ! which fills that mighty void ,
 The whole creation leaves in human hearts !
 THOU , who didst touch the lip of JESSE'S son ,
 Rapt in sweet contemplation of these fires ,
 And set his harp in concert with the spheres ;
 While o' thy works material the supreme
 I dare attempt , assist my daring song.

Loose me from earth's inclosure , from the sun's
 Contracted circle set my heart at large ;

Eliminate my spirit , give it range
 Through provinces of thought yet unexplor'd ;
 Teach me by this stupendous scaffolding ,
 Creation's golden steps , to climb to THEE.

Teach me , with art great nature to controul ,
 And spread a lustre o'er the shades of Night.

Feel I thy kind assent ? and shall the sun
 Be seen at midnight , rising in my song ? (heart ,

LORENZO ! come , and warm thee : thou , whose
 Whose little heart , is moor'd within a nook
 Of this obscure terrestrial , anchor weigh.

Another ocean calls, a nobler port;
 I am thy pilot, I thy prosp'rous gale.
 Gainful thy voyage through yon azure main;
 Main, without tempest, pirate, rock, or shore;
 And whence thou may'st import eternal wealth;
 And leave to beggar'd minds the pearl and gold.
 Thy travels dost thou boast o'er foreign realms?
 Thou stranger to the world! thy tour begin;
 Thy tour through nature's universal orb.
 Nature delineates her whole chart at large,
 On soaring souls, that sail among the spheres;
 And man how purblind, if unknown the whole!
 Who circles spacious earth, then travels here,
 Shall own, he never was from home before!
 Come, my * PROMETHEUS, from thy pointed
 rock

Of false ambition if unchain'd, we'll mount;
 We'll, innocently, steal celestial fire,
 And kindle our devotion at the stars;
 A theft, that shall not chain, but set thee free.

Above our atmosphere's intestine wars,
 Rain's fountain-head, the magazine of hail;
 Above the northern nests of feather'd snows,
 The brew of thunders, and the flaming forge
 That forms the crooked lightning; 'bove the caves
 Where infant tempests wait their growing wings,
 And tune their tender voices to that roar,
 Which soon, perhaps, shall shake a guilty world;

* Night the Lighth.

50 THE CONSOLATION. Night 9:

Above misconstru'd omens of the sky,
Far-travell'd comets' calculated blaze;
E lance thy thought, and think of more than man.
Thy soul, till now, contracted, wither'd, shrunk,
Blighted by blasts of earth's unwholesome air,
Will blossom here; spread all her faculties
To these bright ardours; ev'ry pow'r unfold,
And rise into sublimities of thought.

Stars teach, as well as shine. At nature's birth,
Thus their commission ran— « Be kind to man ».
Where art thou, poor benighted traveller!
The stars will light thee; though the moon should
Where art thou, more benighted! more astray! (fail,
In ways immoral? The stars call thee back;
And, if obey'd their counsel, set thee right.

This prospect vast, what is it?—Weigh'd aright,
'Tis nature's system of divinity,
And ev'ry student of the night inspires.

'Tis elder scripture, writ by GOD's own hand:
Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man.

LORENZO! with my *radius* (the rich gift
Of thought nocturnal!) I'll point out to thee
Its various lessons; some that may surprise
An un-adept in mysteries of NIGHT;
Little, perhaps, expected in her school,
Nor thought to grow on planet, or on star.

Bulls, lions, scorpions, monsters here we feign;
Ourselves more monstrous, not to see what here
Exists indeed;—a lecture to mankind.

What read we here?—Th' existence of a GOD?
Yes: and of other beings, man above;
Natives of æther! sons of higher climes!
And, what may move LORENZO's wonder more,
ETERNITY is written in the skies.
And whose eternity?—LORENZO! thine;
Mankind's eternity. Nor FAITH alone,
VIRTUE grows here; here springs the sov'reign
Of almost ev'ry vice; but chiefly thine; (cure
Wrath, pride, ambition, and impure desire.

LORENZO! Thou canst wake at midnight too,
Though not on morals bent: ambition, pleasure!
Those tyrants I for thee so * lately fought.
Afford their harrafs'd slaves but slender rest.
Thou, to whom midnight is immoral noon,
And the sun's noon-tide blaze, prime dawn of day;
Not by thy climate, but capricious crime,
Commencing one of our antipodes!
In thy nocturnal rove, one moment halt,
'Twixt stage and stage, of riot, and cabal;
And lift thine eye, (if bold an eye to lift,
If bold to meet the face of injur'd heav'n)
To yonder stars: for other ends they shine,
Than to light revellers from shame to shame,
And, thus, be made accomplices in guilt.

Why from yon arch, that infinite of space,
With infinite of lucid orbs replete,
Which set the living firmament on fire,

* Night the Eighth.

52 THE CONSOLATION. Night 9.

At the first glance, in such an overwhelm
Of wonderful, on man's astonish'd sight,
Rushes OMNIPOTENCE?—To curb our pride;
Our reason rouse, and lead it to that Pow'r,
Whose love lets down these silver chains of light;
To draw up man's ambition to himself,
And bind our chaste affections to his throne.
Thus the three virtues, least alive on earth,
And welcom'd on heav'n's coast with most applause,
An humble, pure, and heav'nly-minded heart,
Are here inspir'd:—and canst thou gaze too long?

Nor stands thy wrath depriv'd of its reproof,
Or un-upbraided by this radiant choir.
The planets of each system represent
Kind neighbours; mutual amity prevails;
Sweet interchange of rays, receiv'd, return'd;
Enlight'ning, and enlighten'd! all, at once,
Attracting, and attracted! Patriot like,
None sins against the welfare of the whole;
But their reciprocal, unselfish aid,
Affords an emblem of millennial love.
Nothing in nature, much less conscious being,
Was e'er created solely for itself:
Thus man his sov'reign duty learns in this
Material picture of benevolence.

And know, of all our supercilious race,
Thou most inflammable! Thou wasp of men!
Man's angry heart, inspected, would be found
As rightly set, as are the starry spheres;

'Tis nature's structure, broke by stubborn will,
Breeds all that un-celestial discord there.
Wilt thou not feel the bias nature gave?
Canst thou descend from converse with the skies,
And seize thy brother's throat?—For what—a clod,
An inch of earth? The planets cry, “Forbear,”
They chase our double darknes; nature's gloom,
And (kinder still!) our intellectual night.

And see, day's amiable sister sends
Her invitation, in the softest rays
Of mitigated lustre; courts thy sight,
Which suffers from her tyrant-brother's blaze:
Night grants thee the full freedom of the skies,
Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye;
With gain, and joy, she bribes thee to be wise:
Night opes the noblest scenes, and sheds an awe,
Which gives those venerable scenes full weight,
And deep reception, in th' intender'd heart;
While light peeps through the darknes, like a spy;
And darknes shews its grandeur by the light.
Nor is the profit greater than the joy,
If human hearts at glorious objects glow,
And admiration can inspire delight.

What speak I more, than I, this moment, feel?
With pleasing stupor first the soul is struck
(Stupor ordain'd to make her truly wise:)
Then into transport starting from her trance,
With love, and admiration, how she glows!
This gorgeous *apparatus*! This display!

84 THE CONSOLATION. Night 9.

This ostentation of creative pow'r !
This theatre !—what eye can take it in ?
By what divine enchantment was it rais'd ,
For minds of the first magnitude to launch
In endless speculation , and adore ?
One sun by day , by night ten thousand shine ;
And light us deep into the DEITY ;
How boundless in magnificence and might !
O what a confluence of ethereal fires ,
From urns unnumber'd , down the steep of heav'n ,
Streams to a point , and centres in my sight !
Nor tarries there ; I feel it at my heart.
My heart , at once , it humbles , and exalts ;
Lays it in dust , and calls it to the skies.
Who sees it unexalted ? or unaw'd ?
Who sees it , and can stop at what is seen ?
Material offspring of OMNIPOTENCE !
Inanimate , all-animating birth !
Work worthy him who made it ! worthy praise !
All praise ! praise more than human ! nor deny'd
Thy praise divine !—But tho' man , drown'd in sleep ,
With-holds his homage , not alone I wake ;
Bright legions swarm unseen , and sing , unheard
By mortal ear , the glorious Architect ,
In this his universal temple , hung
With lustres , with innumerable lights ,
That shed religion on the soul ; at once ,
The temple , and the preacher ! O how loud
It calls devotion ! genuine growth of Night !

Devotion! daughter of astronomy!
An undevout astronomer is mad.
True; all things speak a God; but in the small,
Men trace out him; in great, he seizes man;
Seizes, and elevates, and wraps, and fills
With new inquiries, 'mid associates new.
Tell me, ye stars! ye planets! tell me, all
Ye starr'd, and planeted, inhabitants! what is it?
What are these sons of wonder? Say, proud arch,
(Within whose azure palaces they dwell)
Built with divine ambition! in disdain
Of limit built! built in the taste of heav'n!
Vast concave! ample dome! wast thou design'd
A meet apartment for the DEITY?—
Not so; that thought alone thy state impairs,
Thy lofty sinks, and shallows thy profound,
And streightens thy diffusive; dwarfs the whole,
And makes an universe an orrery.

But when I drop mine eye, and look on man,
Thy right regain'd, thy grandeur is restor'd,
O nature! wide flies off th' expanding round.
As when whole magazines, at once, are fir'd,
The smitten air is hollow'd by the blow;
The vast dislosion dissipates the clouds;
Shock'd æther's billows dash the distant skies;
Thus (but far more) th' expanding round flies off,
And leaves a mighty void, a spacious womb,
Might teem with new creation; re-inflam'd
Thy luminaries triumph, and assume

Divinity themselves. Nor was it strange,
 Matter high-wrought to such surprising pomp,
 Such godlike glory, stole the style of Gods,
 From ages dark, obtuse, and steep'd in sense;
 For, sure, to sense, they truly are divine,
 And half-absolv'd idolatry from guilt;
 Nay, turn'd it into virtue. Such it was
 In those, who put forth all they had of man
 Unlost, to lift their thought, nor mounted higher;
 But, weak of wing, on planets perch'd; and thought
 What was their highest, must be their ador'd.

But they how weak, who could no higher mount?
 And are there, then, LORENZO! those, to whom
 Unseen, and unexistent, are the same?
 And if incomprehensible is join'd,
 Who dare pronounce it madness, to believe?
 Why has the mighty BUILDER thrown aside
 All measure in his work; stretch'd out his line
 So far, and spread amazement o'er the whole?
 Then (as he took delight in wide extremes,)
 Deep in the bosom of his universe,
 Dropt down that reas'ning mite, that insect, man,
 To crawl, and gaze, and wonder at the scene?—
 That man might ne'er presume to plead amazement
 For disbelief of wonders in himself.
 Shall GOD be less miraculous, than what
 His hand has form'd? Shall mysteries descend
 From unmysterious? Things more elevate,
 Be more familiar? Uncreated lie

More obvious than created, to the grasp
Of human thought? The more of wonderful
Is heard in him, the more we should assent.
Could we conceive him, GOD he could not be;
Or he not GOD, or we could not be men.
A GOD alone can comprehend a GOD;
Man's distance how immense! on such a theme;
Know this, LORENZO! (seem it ne'er so strange)
Nothing can satisfy, but what confounds;
Nothing, but what astonishes, is true.
The scene thou seest, attests the truth I sing,
And ev'ry star sheds light upon thy creed.
These stars, this furniture, this coast of heav'n,
If but reported, thou hadst ne'er believ'd;
But thine eye tells thee, the romance is true.
The grand of nature is th' Almighty's oath,
In reason's court, to silence unbelief.

How my mind, op'ning at this scene, imbibes
The moral emanations of the skies,
While nought, perhaps, LORENZO less admires!
Has the great Sov'reign sent ten thousand worlds
To tell us, HE resides above them all,
In glory's unapproachable recess?
And dare earth's bold inhabitants deny
The sumptuous, the magnific embassy
A moment's audience? Turn we, nor will hear
From whom they come, or what they would im-
For man's emolument; sole cause that stoops (part
Their grandeur to man's eye? LORENZO! rouse;

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Let thought, awaken'd, take the lightning's wing,
And glance from east to west, from pole to pole.
Who sees, but is confounded, or convinc'd?
Renounces reason, or a GOD adores?
Mankind was sent into the world to see:
Sight gives the science needful to their peace;
That obvious science asks small learning's aid.
Wouldst thou on metaphysic pinions soar?
Or wound thy patience amid logic thorns?
Or travel history's enormous round?
Nature no such hard task enjoins: she gave
A make to man directive of his thought;
A make set upright, pointing to the stars,
As who shall say, "Read thy chief lesson there".
Too late to read this manuscript of heav'n,
When, like a parchment-scroll, shrunk up by flames,
It folds LORENZO's lesson from his sight.

Lesson how various! Not the GOD alone,
I see his ministers; I see, diffus'd
In radiant orders, essences sublime,
Of various offices, of various plume,
In heav'nly liveries, distinctly clad,
Azure, green, purple, pearl, or downy gold,
Or all commix'd; they stand, with wings outspread,
List'ning to catch the Master's least command,
And fly through nature, ere the moment ends;
Numbers innumerable!—Well conceiv'd
By Pagan, and by Christian! O'er each sphere
Presides an angel, to direct its course,

And feed, or fan, its flames; or to discharge
Other high trusts unknown. For who can see
Such pomp of matter, and imagine, mind,
For which alone inanimate was made,
More sparingly dispens'd? That nobler son,
Far liker the great SIRE!—'Tis thus the skies
Inform us of superiors numberless,
As much, in excellence, above mankind,
As above earth, in magnitude, the spheres.
These, as a cloud of witnesses, hang o'er us;
In a throng'd theatre are all our deeds;
Perhaps, a thousand demi-Gods descend
On ev'ry beam we see, to walk with men.
Awful reflection! strong restraint from ill!

Yet, here, our virtue finds still stronger aid
From these ethereal glories sense surveys.
Something, like magic, strikes from this blue vault;
With just attention is it view'd? We feel
A sudden succour, unimplor'd, unthought;
Nature herself does half the work of man.
Seas, rivers, mountains, forests, desarts, rocks,
The promontory's height, the depth profound
Of subterranean, excavated grotts,
Black brow'd, and vaulted high, and yawning wide
From nature's structure, or the scoop of time;
If ample of dimension, vast of size,
Ev'n these an aggrandizing impulse give;
Of solemn thought enthusiastic heights
Ev'n these infuse,—But what of vast in these?

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Nothing;—or we must own the skies forgot.
 Much less in art.—Vain art? Thou pigmy pow'r!
 How dost thou swell and strut, with human pride,
 To shew thy littleness! What childish toys,
 Thy watry columns squirted to the clouds!
 Thy bason'd rivers, and imprison'd seas!
 Thy mountains moulded into forms of men!
 Thy hundred-gated capitals! or those
 Where three days travel left us much to ride;
 Gazing on miracles by mortals wrought,
 Arches triumphal, theatres immense,
 Or nodding gardens pendent in mid-air!
 Or temples proud to meet their Gods half-way!
 Yet these affect us in no common kind.
 What then the force of such superior scenes?
 Enter a temple, it will strike an awe:
 What awe from this the DEITY has built?
 A good man seen, though silent, counsel gives:
 The touch'd spectator wishes to be wise:
 In a bright mirror his own hands have made,
 Here we see something like the face of GOD.
 Seems it not then enough, to say, LORENZO!
 To man abandon'd, "Hast thou seen the skies?"

And yet, so thwarted nature's kind design
 By daring man, he makes her sacred awe
 (That guard from ill) his shelter, his temptation
 To more than common guilt, and quite inverts
 Celestial art's intent. The trembling stars
 See crimes gigantic, stalking through the gloom.

With front erect, that hide their head by day,
And making night still darker by their deeds.
Slumb'ring in covert, till the shades descend,
Rapine and murder, link'd, now prowl for prey.
The miser earths his treasure; and the thief,
Watching the mole; half-beggars him ere morn.
Now plots, and foul conspiracies, awake;
And, muffling up their horrors from the moon,
Havock and devastation they prepare,
And kingdoms tott'ring in the field of blood.
Now sons of riot in mid-revel rage.
What shall I do?—Suppress it? or proclaim?—
Why sleeps the thunder? Now, LORENZO! now,
His best friend's couch the rank adulterer
Ascends secure; and laughs at Gods and men.
Prepost'rous madmen, void of fear or shame,
Lay their crimes bare to these chaste eyes of hea-
Yet shrink, and shudder, at a mortal's sight. (v'n;
Were moon, and stars, for villains only made?
To guide, yet screen them, with tenebrious light?
No; they were made to fashion the sublime
Of human hearts, and wiser make the wise.

Those ends were answer'd once; when mortals
Of stronger wing, of aquiline ascent (liv'd
In theory sublime. O how unlike
Those vermin of the night, this moment sung,
Who crawl on earth, and on her venom feed!
Those antient sages, human stars! They met
Their brothers of the skies, at midnight hour;

Their counsel ask'd; and, what they ask'd, obey'd.
 The Stagirite, and PLATO, he who drank
 The poison'd bowl, and he of Tusculum,
 With him of Corduba (immortal names!)
 In these unbounded, and Elysian, walks,
 An area fit for Gods, and godlike men, (paths
 They took their nightly round, through radiant
 By seraphs trod; instructed, chiefly, thus,
 To tread in their bright footsteps here below;
 To walk in worth still brighter than the skies.
 There they contracted their contempt of earth;
 Of hopes eternal kindled, there, the fire;
 There, as in near approach, they glow'd, and grew
 (Great visitants!) more intimate with GOD,
 More worth to men, more joyous to themselves.
 Through various virtues, they, with ardor, ran
 The zodiac of their learn'd, illustrious lives.

In Christian hearts, O for a Pagan zeal!
 A needful, but opprobrious pray'r! As much
 Our ardor less, as greater is our light.
 How monstrous this in morals! Scarce more strange
 Would this phenomenon in nature strike,
 A sun, that froze her, or a star, that warm'd.

What taught these heroes of the moral world?
 To these thou giv'st thy praise, give credit too.
 These doctors ne'er were pension'd to deceive
 thee;

And Pagan tutors are thy taste. — They taught,
 That, narrow views betray to misery:

That, wise it is to comprehend the whole :
That, virtue, rose from nature, ponder'd well,
The single base of virtue built to heav'n :
That, GOD, and nature, our attention claim :
That, nature is the glass reflecting GOD,
As, by the sea, reflected is the sun,
Too glorious to be gaz'd on in his sphere :
That, mind immortal loves immortal aims :
That, boundless mind affects a boundless space :
That vast surveys, and the sublime of things,
The soul assimilate, and make her great :
That, therefore, heav'n her glories, as a fund
Of inspiration, thus spreads out to man.
Such are their doctrines ; such the Night inspir'd :

And what more true ? what truth of greater
weight ?

The soul of man was made to walk the skies ;
Delightful outlet of her prison here !
There, disincumber'd from her chains, the ties
Of toys terrestrial, she can rove at large,
There, freely can respire, dilate, extend,
In full proportion let loose all her pow'rs ;
And, undeluded, grasp at something great.
Nor, as a stranger, does she wander there ;
But, wonderful herself, through wonder strays,
Contemplating their grandeur, finds her own ;
Dives deep in their œconomy divine,
Sits high in judgment on their various laws,
And, like a master, judges not amiss.

Hence greatly pleas'd, and justly proud, the soul
 Grows conscious of her birth celestial; breathes
 More life, more vigour, in her native air;
 And feels herself at home amongst the stars;
 And, feeling, emulates her country's praise.

What call we, then, the firmament, LORENZO?—
 As earth the body, since the skies sustain
 The soul with food, that gives immortal life,
 Call it, the noble pasture of the mind;
 Which there expatiates, strengthens, and exults,
 And riots through the luxuries of thought.
 Call it, the garden of the DEITY,
 Blossom'd with stars, redundant in the growth
 Of fruit ambrosial; moral fruit to man.
 Call it, the breast-plate of the true High-Priest,
 Ardent with gems oracular, that give,
 In points of highest moment, right response;
 And ill neglected, if we prize our peace.

Thus, have we found a true astrology;
 Thus, have we found a new, and noble sense,
 In which alone stars govern human fates.
 O that the stars (as some have feign'd) let fall
 Bloodshed, and havock, on embattled realms,
 And rescu'd monarchs from so black a guilt!
 BOURBON! this wish how gen'rous in a foe!
 Wouldst thou be great, wouldst thou become a God,
 And stick thy deathless name among the stars,
 For mighty conquests on a needle's point?
 Instead of forging chains for foreigners,

Bastile thy tutor : Grandeur all thy aim ?
As yet thou know'st not what it is : how great,
How glorious , then , appears the mind of man ,
When in it all the stars and planets , roll !
And what it seems , it is : Great objects make
Great minds , enlarging as their views enlarge ;
Those still more godlike , as these more divine.

And more divine than these , thou canst not see.
Dazzled , o'er-pow'r'd , with the delicious draught
Of miscellaneous splendors , how I reel
From thought to thought , inebriate , without end !
An Eden , this ! a PARADISE UNLOST !

I meet the DEITY in ev'ry view ,
And tremble at my nakedness before him !
O that I could but reach the Tree of Life !
For here it grows , unguarded from our taste ;
No Flaming Sword denies our entrance here ;
Would man but gather , he might live for ever.

LORENZO ! much of moral hast thou seen.
Of curious arts art thou more fond ? Then mark
The mathematic glories of the skies ,
In number , weight , and measure , all ordain'd.
LORENZO's boasted builders , Chance , and Fate ,
Are left to finish his ærial tow'rs ;
Wisdom and Choice , their well-known characters
Here deep impress ; and claim it for their own.
Though splendid all , no splendor void of use ;
Use rivals beauty ; art contends with pow'r ;
No wanton waste , amid effuse expence ;

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The great OECONOMIST adjusting all
To prudent pomp, magnificently wise.
How rich the prospect! and for ever new!
And newest to the man that views it most;
For newer still in infinite succeeds.
Then, these ærial racers, O how swift!
How the shaft loiters from the strongest string!
Spirit alone can distance the career.
Orb above orb ascending without end!
Circle in circle, without end, inclos'd!
Wheel, within wheel; EZEKIEL! like to thine!
Like thine, it seems a vision or a dream;
Though seen, we labour to believe it true!
What involution! what extent! what swarms
Of worlds, that laugh at earth! immensely great!
Immensely distant from each other's spheres!
What, then, the wond'rous space thro' which
they roll!

At once it quite ingulphs all human thought;
'Tis comprehension's absolute defeat.

Nor think thou seest a wild disorder here;
Through this illustrious chaos to the sight,
Arrangement neat, and chastest order, reign.
The path prescrib'd, inviolably kept,
Upbraids the lawless fallies of mankind.
Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere;
What knots are ty'd! how soon are they dissolv'd,
And set the seeming marry'd planets free!
They rove for ever, without error rove;

Confusion

Confusion unconfus'd! nor less admire
 This tumult untumultuous; all on wing!
 In motion, all! yet what profound repose!
 What fervid action, yet no noise! as aw'd
 To silence, by the presence of their LORD;
 Or hush'd by his command, in love to man,
 And bid let fall soft beams on human rest,
 Restless themselves. On yon cærulean plain,
 In exultation to their God, and thine,
 They dance, they sing eternal jubilee,
 Eternal celebration of his praise.

But, since their song arrives not at our ear,
 Their dance perplex'd exhibits to the sight
 Fair hieroglyphic of his peerless pow'r.
 Mark, how the labyrinthian turns they take,
 The circles intricate, and mystic maze,
 Weave the grand cypher of Omnipotence;
 To Gods, how great! how legible to man!

Leaves so much wonder greater wonder still?
 Where are the pillars that support the skies?
 What more than Atlantean shoulder props
 Th' incumbent load? What magic, what strange art,
 In fluid air these pond'rous orbs sustains?
 Who would not think them hung in golden chains?
 And so they are; in the high will of heav'n,
 Which fixes all; makes adamant of air,
 Or air of adamant; makes all of nought,
 Or nought of all; if such the dread decree.

Imagine from their deep foundations torn

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98 THE CONSOLATION. Night 9.

The most gigantic sons of earth, the broad
And tow'ring Alps, all tost into the sea;
And, light as down, or volatile as air,
Their bulks enormous, dancing on the waves,
In time, and measure, exquisite; while all
The winds, in emulation of the spheres,
Tune their sonorous instruments aloft;
The concert swell, and animate the ball.
Would this appear amazing? What, then, worlds,
In a far thinner element sustain'd,
And acting the same part, with greater skill,
More rapid movement, and for noblest ends?

More obvious ends to pass, are not these stars
The seats majestic, proud imperial thrones,
On which angelic delegates of heav'n,
At certain periods, as the SOV'REIGN nods,
Discharge high trusts of vengeance, or of love;
To clothe, in outward grandeur, grand design,
And acts most solemn still more solemnize?

Ye CITIZENS of air! what ardent thanks,
What full effusion of the grateful heart,
Is due from man indulg'd in such a sight!
A sight so noble! and a sight so kind!
It drops new truths at ev'ry new survey!
Feels not LORENZO something stir within,
That sweeps away all period? As these spheres
Measure duration, they no less inspire
The godlike hope of ages without end. (take
The boundless space, through which these rovers

Their restless roam , suggests the sister-thought
Of boundless time. Thus , by kind nature's skill ;
To man un-labour'd , that important guest ,
ETERNITY , finds entrance at the sight :
And an Eternity , for man ordain'd ,
Or these his destin'd midnight counsellors ,
The stars , had never whisper'd it to man.
NATURE informs , but ne'er insults , her sons.
Could she then kindle the most ardent wish
To disappoint it ? — That is blasphemy.
Thus , of thy creed a second article ,
Momentous , as th' existence of a GOD ,
Is found (as I conceive) where rarely fought ;
And thou may'st read thy soul immortal , here.

Here , then , LORENZO ! on these glories dwell ;
Nor want the gilt, illuminated , roof ,
That calls the wretched gay to dark delights.
Assemblies ? — This is one divinely bright ;
Here , un-endanger'd in health , wealth , or fame ,
Range through the fairest , and the Sultan scorn ,
He , wise as thou , no Crescent holds so fair ,
As that , which on his turbant awes a world ;
And thinks the moon is proud to copy him.
Look on her , and gain more than worlds can give ,
A mind superior to the charms of pow'r.
Thou muffled in delusions of this life !
Can yonder moon turn ocean in his bed ,
From side to side , in constant ebb , and flow ,
And purify from stench his watry realms ?

And fails her moral influence ? wants she pow'r
 To turn LORENZO's stubborn tide of thought
 From stagnating on earth's infected shore ,
 And purge from nuisance his corrupted heart ?
 Fails her attraction when it draws to heav'n ?
 Nay , and to what thou valu'st more , earth's joy ?
 Minds elevate , and panting for Unseen ,
 And defecate from sense , alone obtain
 Full relish of existence undeflower'd ,
 The life of life , the zest of worldly blifs.
 All else on earth amounts - to what ? To this :
 " BAD to be suffer'd ; BLESSINGS to be left " :
 Earth's richest inventory boasts no more.

Of higher scenes be , then , the call obey'd.
 O let me gaze ! - Of gazing there's no end.
 O let me think ! - Thought too is wilder'd here ;
 In mid-way flight imagination tires ;
 Yet soon re-prunes her wing to soar anew ,
 Her point unable to forbear , or gain ;
 So great the pleasure , so profound the plan !
 A banquet , this , where men , and angels , meet,
 Eat the same manna , mingle earth , and heav'n.
 How distant some of these nocturnal suns !
 So distant (says the sage) 'twere not absurd
 To doubt , if beams , set out at nature's birth ,
 Are yet arriv'd at this so foreign world ;
 Though nothing half so rapid as their flight.
 An eye of awe and wonder let me roll ,
 And roll for ever, Who can satiate sight

In such a scene? in such an ocean wide
Of deep astonishment? where depth, height,
breadth,

Are lost in their extremes; and where to count
The thick-sown glories in this field of fire,
Perhaps a seraph's computation fails.

Now, go, Ambition! boast thy boundless might
In conquest, o'er the tenth part of a grain.

And yet LORENZO calls for miracles,
To give his tott'ring faith a solid base.

Why call for less than is already thine?

Thou art no novice in theology;

What is a miracle?--'Tis a reproach,

'Tis an implicit satire, on mankind;

And while it satisfies, it censures too.

To common sense, great nature's course proclaims

A DEITY: when mankind falls asleep,

A miracle is sent, as an alarm;

To wake the world, and prove him o'er again,

By recent argument, but not more strong.

Say, which imports more plenitude of pow'r,

Or nature's laws to fix, or to repeal?

To make a sun, or stop his mid career?

To countermand his orders, and send back

The flaming courier to the frightened East,

Warm'd, and astonish'd, at his ev'ning ray?

Or bid the moon, as with her journey tir'd,

In Ajalon's soft, flow'ry vale repose?

Great things are these; still greater, to create.

From ADAM's bow'r look down thro' the whole
 Of miracles ;—resistless is their pow'r ? (train
 They do not, can not, more amaze the mind,
 Than this, call'd un-miraculous survey,
 If duly weigh'd, if rationally seen,
 If seen with human eyes. The brute, indeed,
 Sees nought but spangles here ; the fool, no more.
 Say'st thou, " The course of nature governs all " ?
 The course of nature is the art of GOD.

The miracles thou call'st for, this attest ;
 For say, could nature nature's course controul ?

But, miracles apart, who sees HIM not,
 Nature's CONTROULER, AUTHOR, GUIDE, and
 END ?

Who turns his eye on nature's midnight face,
 But must inquire—" What hand behind the scene,
 " What arm almighty, put these wheeling globes
 " In motion, and wound up the vast machine ?
 " Who rounded in his palm these spacious orbs ?
 " Who bowl'd them flaming thro' the dark pro-
 " found,
 " Num'rous as glitt'ring gems of morning-dew,
 " Or sparks from populous cities in a blaze,
 " And set the bosom of old Night on fire ?
 " Peopled her desert, and made horror smile " ?
 Or, if the military style delights thee, (man)
 (For stars have fought their battles, leagu'd with
 " Who marshals this bright host ? Enrolls their
 " names ?

» Appoints their posts, their marches, and returns,
» Punctual, at stated periods? Who disbands
» These vet'ran troops, their final duty done,
» If e'er disbanded? —HE, whose potent word,
Like the loud trumpet, levy'd first their pow'rs
In Night's inglorious empire, where they slept
In beds of darkness: arm'd them with fierce flames,
Arrang'd, an disciplin'd, and cloath'd in gold;
And call'd them out of chaos to the field,
Where now they war with vice and unbelief.
O let us join this army! joining these,
Will give us hearts intrepid, at that hour,
When brighter flames shall cut a darker night;
When these strong demonstrations of a GOD
Shall hide their heads, or tumble from their spheres,
And one eternal curtain cover all!

Struck at that thought, as new awak'd, I lift
A more enlighten'd eye, and read the stars
To man still more propitious; and their aid
(Though guiltless of idolatry) implore;
Nor longer rob them of their noblest name.
O ye dividers of my time! Ye bright
Accomptants of my days, and months, and years,
In your fair kalendar distinctly mark'd!
Since that authentic, radiant register,
Though man inspects it not, stands good against him;
Since you, and years, roll on, tho' man stands still;
Teach me my days to number, and apply
My trembling heart to wisdom; now beyond

All shadows of excuse for fooling on.
 Age smooths our path to prudence ; sweeps aside
 The snares , keen appetite , and passion , spread
 To catch stray souls ; and woe to that grey head ,
 Whose folly would undo , what age has done !
 Aid then , aid , all ye stars !—Much rather , THOU ,
 Great ARTIST ! THOU , whose finger set aright
 This exquisite machine , with all its wheels ,
 Though intervolv'd , exact ; and pointing out
 Life's rapid , and irrevocable flight ,
 With such an index fair , as none can miss ,
 Who lifts an eye , nor sleeps till it is clos'd.
 Open mine eye , dread DEITY ! to read
 The tacit doctrine of thy works ; to see
 Things as they are , un-alter'd through the glass
 Of worldly wishes. Time , Eternity !
 ('Tis these , mis-measur'd , ruin all mankind)
 Set them before me ; let me lay them both
 In equal scale , and learn their various weight.
 Let time appear a moment , as it is ;
 And let eternity's full orb , at once ,
 Turn on my soul , and strike it into heav'n.
 When shall I see far more than charms me now ?
 Gaze on creation's model in thy breast
 Unveil'd , nor wonder at the transcript more ?
 When this vile , foreign , dust , which smothers all
 That travel earth's deep vale , shall I shake off ?
 When shall my soul her incarnation quit ,
 And , re-adopted to thy blest embrace ,

Obtain her apotheosis in THEE?

Dost think, LORENZO, this is wand'ring wide?
No, 'tis directly striking at the mark;
To wake thy dead devotion * was my point;
And how I bless Night's consecrating shades,
Which to a temple turn an universe;
Fill us with great ideas, full of heav'n,
And antidote the pestilential earth!
In ev'ry storm, that either frowns, or falls,
What an *asylum* has the soul in pray'r!
And what a fane is this, in which to pray!
And what a GOD must dwell in such a fane!
O what a genius must inform the skies!
And is LORENZO's salamander-heart
Cold, and untouch'd, amid these sacred fires?
O ye nocturnal sparks! Ye glowing embers,
On heav'n's broad hearth! who burn, or burn no
more,

Who blaze, or die, as great JEHOVAH's breath
Or blows you, or forbears; assist my song;
Pour your whole influence; exorcise his heart,
So long possess'd; and bring him back to man.

And is LORENZO a demurrer still?
Pride in thy parts provokes thee to contest
Truths, which, contested, put thy parts to shame.
Nor shame they more LORENZO's head than heart,
A faithless heart, how despicably small!
Too straight, aught great, or gen'rous, to receive!

* Pages 78, 79.

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Fill'd with an atom ! fill'd , and foul'd with self !
And self mistaken ! self , that lasts an hour !
Instincts and passions , of the nobler kind ,
Lie suffocated there ; - or they alone ,
Reason apart , would wake high hope ; and open ,
To ravish'd thought , that intellectual sphere ,
Where , Order , Wisdom , Goodness , Providence ,
Their endless miracles of love display ,
And promise all the truly great desire.

The mind that would be happy , must be great ;
Great , in its wishes ; great , in its surveys.
Extended views a narrow mind extend ;
Push out its corrugate , expansive make ,
Which , ere long , more than planets shall embrace.
A man of compass makes a man of worth ;
Divine contemplate , and become divine.

As man was made for glory , and for bliss ,
'All littleness is in approach to woe ;
Open thy bosom , set thy wishes wide ,
And let in manhood ; let in happiness ;
'Admit the boundless theatre of thought
From nothing , up to GOD ; which makes a man.
Take GOD from nature , nothing great is left ;
Man's mind is in a pit , and nothing sees ;
Man's heart is in a jakes , and loves the mire.
Emerge from thy profound ; erect thine eye ;
See thy distress ! how close art thou besieg'd !
Besieg'd by nature , the proud Sceptic's foe !
Inclos'd by these innumerable worlds ,

Sparkling conviction on the darkest mind,
As in a golden net of PROVIDENCE.
How art thou caught, sure captive of belief!
From this thy blest captivity, what art,
What blasphemy to reason, sets thee free!
This scene is heav'n's indulgent violence:
Canst thou bear up against this tide of glory?
What is earth bosom'd in these ambient orbs,
But, faith in GOD impos'd, and press'd on man?
Dar'st thou still litigate thy desp'rate cause,
Spite of these num'rous, awful, witnesses,
And doubt the deposition of the skies?
O how laborious is thy way to ruin!

Laborious! 'tis impracticable quite;
To sink beyond a doubt, in this debate,
With all his weight of wisdom and of will,
And crime flagitious, I defy a fool.
Some wish they did; but no man disbelieves.
GOD is a spirit; spirit cannot strike
These gross, material organs; GOD by man
As much is seen, as man a GOD can see,
In these astonishing exploits of pow'r.
What order, beauty, motion, distance, size!
Concertion of design, how exquisite!
How complicate, in their divine police!
Apt means! great ends! consent to gen'ral good!—
Each attribute of these material Gods,
So long (and that with specious pleas) ador'd,
A sep'rate conquest gains o'er rebel thought;

And leads in triumph the whole mind of man.

LORENZO ! this may seem harangue to thee ;
 Such all is apt to seem , that thwarts our will.
 And dost thou , then , demand a simple proof
 Of this great master moral of the skies ,
 Unskill'd , or dis-inclin'd , to read it there ?
 Since 'tis the basis , and all drops without it ,
 Take it , in one compact , unbroken chain.
 Such proof insists on an attentive ear ;
 'Twill not make one amid a mob of thoughts ,
 And , for thy notice , struggle with the world.
 Retire ; — the world shut out ; — thy thoughts call
 Imagination's airy wing repress ; — (home ; —
 Lock up thy senses ; — let no passion stir ; —
 Wake all to reason ; — let her reign alone ;
 Then , in thy soul's deep silence , and the depth
 Of nature's silence , midnight , thus inquire ,
 As I have done ; and shall inquire no more.
 In nature's channel , thus the questions run.

“ What am I ? and from whence ? — I nothing know ,
 ” But that I am ; and , since I am , conclude
 ” Something eternal : had there e'er been nought ,
 ” Nought still had been : eternal there must be. —
 ” But what eternal ? — why not human race ?
 ” And ADAM's ancestors without an end ? —
 ” That's hard to be conceiv'd ; since ev'ry link
 ” Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail ;
 ” Can ev'ry part depend , and not the whole ?
 ” Yet grant it true ; new difficulties rise ;

- „ I'm still quite out at sea ; nor see the shore.
„ Whence earth , and these bright orbs ?—eternal
„ too ?—
„ Grant matter was eternal ; still these orbs
„ Would want some other father ; —much design
„ Is seen in all their motions , all their makes ;
„ Design implies intelligence , and art ;
„ That can't be from themselves — or man ; that art
„ Man scarce can comprehend , could man bestow ?
„ And nothing greater yet allow'd than man.—
„ Who , motion , foreign to the smallest grain ,
„ Shot through vast masses of enormous weight ?
„ Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume
„ Such various forms , and gave it wings to fly ?
„ Has matter innate motion ? then each atom ,
„ Asserting its indisputable right
„ To dance , would form an universe of dust :
„ Has matter none ? then whence these glorious
„ forms , (pos'd ?
„ And boundless flights , from shapeless , and re-
„ Has matter more than motion ? has it thought ,
„ Judgment , and genius ? Is it deeply learn'd
„ In mathematics ? has it fram'd such laws ,
„ Which but to guess , a NEWTON made immortal ?
„ If so , how each sage atom laughs at me ,
„ Who think a clod inferior to a man !
„ If art , to form ; and counsel , to conduct ;
„ And that with greater far , than human skill ;
„ Resides not in each block ;—a GODHEAD reigns.—

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- » Grant , then , invisible , eternal , MIND ;
- » That granted , all is solv'd. — But , granting that,
- » Draw I not o'er me a still darker cloud ?
- » Grant I not that which I can ne'er conceive ?
- » A being without origin , or end !—
- » Hail , human liberty ! there is no GOD—
- » Yet , why ? On either scheme that knot subsists ;
- » Subsist it must , in GOD , or human race ;
- » If in the last , how many knots beside ,
- » Indissoluble all ? — why chuse it there ,
- » Where , chosen , still subsist ten thousand more ?
- » Reject it , where , that chosen , all the rest
- » Dispers'd , leave reason's whole horizon clear ?
- » This is not reason's dictate ; reason says ,
- » Close with the side where one grain turns the
- » scale ;
- » What vast preponderance is here ! can reason
- » With louder voice exclaim — believe a GOD ?
- » And reason heard , is the sole mark of man.
- » What things impossible must man think true ,
- » On any other system ! and how strange
- » To disbelieve , through mere credulity » !

If , in this chain , LORENZO finds no flaw ,
Let it for ever bind him to belief.

And where the link , in which a flaw he finds ?
And , if a GOD there is , that GOD how great !
How great that POW'R , whose providential care
Thro' these bright orbs' dark centres darts a ray !
Of nature universal threads the whole !

And hangs creation, like a precious gem,
Though little, on the footstool of his throne!
That little gem, how large! A weight let fall
From a fixt star, in ages can it reach
This distant earth! Say, then, LORENZO! where,
Where, ends this mighty building? where, begin
The suburbs of creation? where, the wall
Whose battlements look o'er into the vale
Of non-existence? NOTHING's strange abode!
Say, at what point of space JEHOVAH dropp'd
His slacken'd line, and laid his balance by;
Weigh'd worlds, and measur'd infinite, no more?
Where, rears his terminating pillar high
Its extra-mundane head? and says, to Gods,
In characters illustrious as the sun,

I stand, the plan's proud period; I pronounce
The work accomplish'd; the Creation clos'd:
Shout, all ye Gods! nor shout ye Gods alone;
Of all that lives, or, if devoid of life,
That rests, or rolls, ye heights, and depths resound!
Resound! resound! ye depths, and heights, resound!

Hard are those questions!—Answer harder still.
Is this the sole exploit, the single birth,
The solitary son of Pow'r divine?
Or has th'Almighty FATHER, with a breath,
Impregnated the womb of distant space?
Has he not bid, in various provinces,
Brother-creations the dark bowels burst
Of Night primæval; barren, now, no more?

And he the central sun, transpiercing all
 Those giant-generations, which disport,
 And dance, as motes, in his meridian ray;
 That ray withdrawn, benighted, or absorb'd,
 In that abyfs of horror, whence they sprung;
 While Chaos triumphs, repossess'd of all
 Rival creation ravish'd from his throne?
 CHAOS! of nature both the womb, and grave!

Think'st thou my scheme, LORENZO, spreads
 too wide?

Is this extravagant? —No; this is just;
 Just, in conjecture, though 'twere false in fact.
 If 'tis an error, 'tis an error sprung
 From noble root, high thought of the MOST-HIGH.
 But wherefore error? Who can prove it such?—
 He that can set OMNIPOTENCE a bound.
 Can man conceive beyond what GOD can do?
 Nothing, but quite-impossible is hard.
 He summons into being, with like ease,
 A whole creation, and a single grain.
 Speaks he the word? a thousand worlds are born!
 A thousand worlds? there's space for millions more;
 And in what space can his great *Fiat* fail?
 Condemn me not, cold critic! but indulge
 The warm imagination: why condemn?
 Why not indulge such thoughts, as swell our hearts
 With fuller admiration of that Pow'r, (swell?
 Who gives our hearts with such high thoughts to
 Why not indulge in his augmented praise?

Darts not his glory a still brighter ray ;
The less is left to Chaos , and the realms
Of hideous night , where fancy strays aghast ;
And , though most talkative , makes no report ?

Still seems my thought enormous? think again;-
Experience 'self shall aid thy lame belief.

Glasses (that revelation to the sight !)

Have they not led us in the deep disclose
Of fine-spun nature , exquisitely small ,

And , though demonstrated , still ill-conceiv'd ?

If , then , on the reverse , the mind would mount

In magnitude , what mind can mount too far ,

To keep the balance , and creation poise ?

Defect alone can err on such a theme ;

What is too great , if we the cause survey ?

Stupendous ARCHITECT ! THOU , THOU art all !

My soul flies up and down in thoughts of THEE ,

And finds herself but at the centre still !

I AM , thy name ! existence , all thine own !

Creation's nothing ; flatter'd much , if styl'd

“ The thin , the fleeting atmosphere of GOD ”.

O for the voice— of what ? of whom?—What

Can answer to my wants , in such ascent , (voice

As dares to deem one universe too small ?

Tell me , LORENZO ! (for now fancy glows ,

Fir'd in the *vortex* of Almighty Pow'r')

Is not this home-creation , in the map

Of universal nature , as a speck ,

Like fair BRITANNIA in our little ball ;

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Exceeding fair, and glorious, for its size,
 But, elsewhere, far out-measur'd, far out-shone?
 In fancy (for the fact beyond us lies)
 Canst thou not figure it, an isle, almost
 Too small for notice, in the vast of being;
 Sever'd by mighty seas of un-built space
 From other realms; from ample continents
 Of higher life, where nobler natives dwell;
 Less Northern, less remote from DEITY,
 Glowing beneath the Line of the SUPREME;
 Where souls in excellence make haste, put forth
 Luxuriant growths; nor the late autumn wait
 Of human worth, but ripen soon to Gods?

Yet why drown fancy in such depths as these?
 Return, presumptuous rover! and confess
 The bounds of man; nor blame them, as too small.
 Enjoy we not full scope in what is seen?
 Full ample the dominions of the sun!
 Full glorious to behold! how far, how wide,
 The matchless monarch, from his flaming throne,
 Lavish of lustre, throws his beams about him,
 Farther, and faster, than a thought can fly,
 And feeds his planets with eternal fires!
 This Heliopolis, by greater far,
 Than the proud tyrant of the Nile, was built;
 And HE alone, who built it, can destroy.
 Beyond this city, why strays human thought?
 One wonderful, enough for man to know!
 One infinite! enough for man to range!

One firmament , enough for man to read !
O what voluminous instruction here !
What page of wisdom is deny'd him ? none ;
If learning his chief lesson makes him wise.
Nor is instruction , here , our only gain ;
There dwells a noble pathos in the skies ,
Which warms our passions , proselytes our hearts.
How eloquently shines the glowing pole !
With what authority it gives its charge ,
Remonstrating great truths in style sublime ,
Though silent , loud ! heard earth around ; above
The planets heard ; and not unheard in hell ;
Hell has her wonder , though too proud to praise.
Is earth , then , more infernal ? Has she those ,
Who neither praise (LORENZO !) nor admire ?

LORENZO's admiration , pre-engag'd ,
Ne'er ask'd the moon one question ; never held
Least correspondence with a single star ;
Ne'er rear'd an altar to the queen of heav'n
Walking in brightness ; or her train ador'd.
Their sublunary rivals have long since
Engross'd his whole devotion ; stars malign ,
Which made the fond astronomer run mad ;
Darken his intellect , corrupt his heart ;
Cause him to sacrifice his fame and peace
To momentary madness , call'd delight.
Idolater , more gross than ever kiss'd
The lifted hand to LUNA , or pour'd out
The blood to JOVE ! — O THOU , to whom belongs

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All sacrifice ! O thou great Jove unfeign'd !
DIVINE INSTRUCTOR ! Thy first volume , this ,
For man's perusal ; all in CAPITALS !
In moon , and stars (heav'n's golden Alphabet !)
Emblaz'd to seize the sight ; who runs , may read ;
Who reads , can understand. 'Tis unconfin'd
To christian land , or Jewry ; fairly writ ,
In language universal , to MANKIND :
A language , lofty to the learn'd : yet plain
To those that feed the flock , or guide the plough ,
Or , from his husk , strike out the bounding grain.
A language , worthy the GREAT MIND , that
speaks !

Preface , and comment , to the sacred page !
Which oft refers its reader to the skies ,
As pre-supposing his first lesson there ,
And Scripture self a fragment , that unread :
Stupendous book of wisdom , to the wise !
Stupendous book ! and open'd , NIGHT ! by thee.

By thee much open'd , I confess , O NIGHT !
Yet more I wish ; but how shall I prevail ?
Say , gentle NIGHT ! whose modest, maiden beams
Give us a new creation , and present
The world's great picture soften'd to the sight ;
Nay , kinder far , far more indulgent still ,
Say , thou , whose mild dominion's silver key
Unlocks our hemisphere , and sets to view
Worlds beyond number ; worlds conceal'd by day
Behind the proud , and envious star of noon !

Canst thou not draw a deeper scene? —and shew
The Mighty POTENTATE, to whom belong
These rich *Regalia* pompously display'd
To kindle that high hope? Like him of Uz,
I gaze around; I search on ev'ry side—
O for a glimpse of HIM my soul adores!
As the chas'd hart, amid the desert waste,
Pants for the living stream; for HIM who made her,
So pants the thirsty soul, amid the blank
Of sublunary joys. Say, Goddess! Where,
Where, blazes his bright court? Where burns
his throne? (round
Thou know'st; for thou art near him; by thee,
His grand pavilion, sacred fame reports
The sable curtain drawn. If not, can none
Of thy fair daughter-train, so swift of wing,
Who travel far, discover where he dwells?
A star his dwelling pointed out below.
Ye Pleiades! Arcturus! Mazaroth!
And thou, Orion! of still keener eye!
Say ye, who guide the wilder'd in the waves,
And bring them out of tempest into port!
On which hand must I bend my course to find him?
These courtiers keep the secret of their KING;
I wake whole nights, in vain, to steal it from them.
I wake; and, waking, climb Night's radiant scale,
From sphere to sphere; the steps by nature set
For man's ascent; at once to tempt and aid;
To tempt his eye, and aid his tow'ring thought;

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Till it arrives at the great GOAL of all.

In ardent contemplation's rapid car,
From earth, as from my barrier, I set out.
How swift I mount! Diminish'd earth recedes;
I pass the moon; and, from her farther side,
Pierce heav'n's blue curtain; strike into remote;
Where, with his lifted tube, the subtil sage
His artificial, airy journey takes,
And to celestial lengthens human sight.
I pause at ev'ry planet on my road,
And ask for HIM who gives their orbs to roll,
Their foreheads fair to shine. From SATURN's ring,
In which, of earths an army might be lost,
With the bold comet, take my bolder flight,
Amid those sov'reign glories of the skies,
Of independant, native lustre, proud;
The souls of systems! and the lords of life,
Thro' their wide empires! — What behold I now?
A wilderness of wonders burning round;
Where larger suns inhabit higher spheres;
Perhaps the villas of descending Gods;
Nor halt I here; my toil is but begun;
'Tis but the threshold of the DEITY;
Or, far beneath it, I am groveling still.
Nor is it strange; I built on a mistake;
The grandeur of his works, whence folly sought
For aid, to reason sets his glory higher; (him)
Who built thus high for worms (mere worms to
O where, LORENZO! must the BUILDER dwell?

Pause, then; and, for a moment, here respire—
If human thought can keep its station here.

Where am I?—where is earth?—Nay, where art
thou,

O sun?—Is the sun turn'd recluse?—and are
His boasted expeditions short to mine?—

To mine, how short! on nature's Alps I stand,
And see a thousand firmaments beneath!

A thousand systems! as a thousand grains!

So much a stranger, and so late arriv'd,

How can man's curious spirit not enquire,

What are the natives of this world sublime,

Of this so foreign, un-terrestrial sphere,

Where mortal, untranslated, never stray'd?

“ O ye, as distant from my little home,

” As swiftest sun-beams in an age can fly!

” Far from my native element I roam,

” In quest of new, and wonderful, to man.

” What province this, of his immense domain,

” Whom all obeys? Or mortals here, or Gods?

” Ye bord'ers on the coasts of bliss! what are

” A colony from heav'n? Or, only rais'd, (you?

” By frequent visit from heav'n's neighbouring

” realms,

” To secondary Gods, and half divine?—

” Whate'er your nature, this is past dispute,

” Far other life you live, far other tongue

” You talk, far other thought, perhaps, you

” think,

„ Than man. How various are the works of GOD!
 „ But say, What thought? Is reason here inthron'd,
 „ And absolute? or sense in arms against her?
 „ Have you two lights? Or need you no reveal'd?
 „ Enjoy your happy realms their golden age?
 „ And had your EDEN an abstemious EVE?
 „ Our EVE's fair daughters prove their pedigree,
 „ And ask their ADAMS— „ Who would not be
 „ wife”?

„ Or, if your mother fell, are you redeem'd?
 „ And if redeem'd—is your redeemer scorn'd?
 „ Is this your final residence? If not,
 „ Change you your scene, translated? or by death?
 „ And if by death; what death?—Know you disease?
 „ Or horrid war?—With war, this fatal hour,
 „ EUROPA groans (so call we a small field,
 „ Where kings run mad). In our world, Death
 „ deposes

„ Intemperance to do the work of age;
 „ And hanging up the quiver nature gave him,
 „ As slow of execution, for dispatch
 „ Sends forth imperial butchers; bids them slay
 „ Their sheep (the silly sheep they fleec'd before).
 „ And toss him twice ten thousand at a meal.
 „ Sit all your executioners on thrones?
 „ With you, can rage for plunder make a God?
 „ And bloodshed wash out ev'ry other stain?—
 „ But you, perhaps, can't bleed: from matter
 „ gross

„ Your

„ Your spirits clean , are delicately clad
„ In fine-spun æther, privileg'd to soar,
„ Unloaded , uninfected ; how unlike
„ The lot of man ! how few of human race
„ By their own mud unmurdered ! how we wage
„ Self-war eternal ! —Is your painful day
„ Of hardy conflict o'er ? Or , are you still
„ Raw candidates at school ? and have you those
„ Who disaffect reversions , as with us ?—
„ But what are we ? You never heard of man ,
„ Or earth , the Bedlam of the universe !
„ Where reason (un-diseas'd with you) runs mad ,
„ And nurses folly's children as her own ;
„ Fond of the foulest. In the sacred mount
„ Of holiness , where reason is pronounc'd
„ Infallible ; and thunders , like a God ;
„ Ev'n there , by saints , the dæmons are outdone ;
„ What these think wrong , our saints refine to
„ right ;
„ And kindly teach dull hell her own black arts ;
„ SATAN, instructed , o'er their morals smiles.—
„ But this , how strange to you , who know not
„ man !
„ Has the least rumour of our race arriv'd ?
„ Call'd here ELIJAH in his flaming car ?
„ Past by you the good ENOCH , on his road
„ To those fair fields, whence LUCIFER was hurl'd ;
„ Who brush'd, perhaps, your sphere in his descent,
„ Stain'd your pure crystal æther , or let fall

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„ A short eclipse from his portentous shade ?
„ O ! that the fiend had lodg'd on some broad orb
„ Athwart his way ; nor reach'd his present home,
„ Then blacken'd earth with footsteps foul'd in hell,
„ Nor wash'd in ocean , as from ROME he past
„ To BRITAIN's isle ; too, too conspicuous there !

But this is all digression : where is HE ,
That o'er heav'n's battlements the felon hurl'd
To groans, and chains, and darkness ? Where is HE,
Who sees creation's summit in a vale ?

HE , whom, while man is man , he can't but seek ;
And if he finds , commences more than man ?

O for a telescope his throne to reach !

Tell me , ye learn'd on earth ! or blest above !

Ye searching , ye Newtonian angels ! tell ,

Where , your Great MASTER's orb ? His planets,
where ?

Those conscious satellites , those morning-stars ,
First-born of DEITY ! from central love ,
By veneration most profound , thrown off ;
By sweet attraction , no less strongly drawn ;
Aw'd , and yet raptur'd ; raptur'd , yet serene ;
Past thought illustrious , but with borrow'd beams ;
In still approaching circles , still remote ,
Revolving round the sun's eternal SIRE ?
Or sent , in lines direct , on embassies
To nations—in what latitude ?—Beyond
Terrestrial thought's horizon ! —and on what
High errands sent ? — Here human effort ends ;

And leaves me still a stranger to his throne.

Full well it might! I quite mistook my road.
Born in an age more curious than devout;
More fond to fix the place of heav'n, or hell,
Than studious this to shun, or that secure.
'Tis not the curious, but the pious path,
That leads me to my point: LORENZO! know.
Without or star, or angel, for their guide,
Who worship GOD, shall find him. Humble love,
And not proud reason, keeps the door of heav'n;
Love finds admission, where proud science fails.
Man's science is the culture of his heart;
And not to lose his plumbet in the depths
Of nature, or the more profound of GOD.
Either to know, is an attempt that sets
The wisest on a level with the fool.
To fathom nature (ill-attempted here!)
Past 'doubt is deep philosophy above;
Higher degrees in bliss archangels take,
As deeper learn'd; the deepest, learning still.
For, what a thunder of Omnipotence
(So might I dare to speak) is seen in all!
In man! in earth! in more amazing skies!
Teaching this lesson, pride is loth to learn—
"Not deeply to discern, not much to know,
"Mankind was born to WONDER, and ADORE".
And is there cause for higher wonder still,
Than that which struck us from our past surveys?
Yes; and for deeper adoration too.

From my late airy travel unconfin'd ,
 Have I learn'd nothing ?—Yes , LORENZO ! This ;
 Each of these stars is a religious house ;
 I saw their altars smoke , their incense rise ;
 And heard hosannas ring thro' ev'ry sphere ,
 A seminary fraught with future Gods.
 Nature all o'er is consecrated ground ,
 Teeming with growths immortal , and divine.
 The great PROPRIETOR's all-bounteous hand
 Leaves nothing waste ; but sows these fiery fields
 With seeds of reason , which to virtues rise
 Beneath his genial ray ; and , if escap'd
 The pestilential blasts of stubborn will ,
 When grown mature , are gather'd for the skies.
 And is devotion thought too much on earth ,
 When beings , so superior , homage boast ,
 And triumph in prostrations to THE THRONE ?

But wherefore more of planets , or of stars ?
 Æthereal journeys , and , discover'd there ,
 Ten thousand worlds , ten thousand ways devout ,
 All nature sending incense to THE THRONE ,
 Except the bold LORENZOS of our sphere ?
 Op'ning the solemn sources of my soul ,
 Since I have pour'd , like feign'd ERIDANUS ,
 My flowing numbers o'er the flaming skies ,
 Nor see , of fancy , or of fact , what more
 Invites the Muse.—Here turn we , and review
 Our past nocturnal landscape wide :—Then say ,
 Say , then , LORENZO ! with what burst of heart ,

The whole, at once, revolving in his thought,
Must man exclaim, adoring, and aghast?

“ O what a root! O what a branch, is here!

” O what a father! what a family!

” Worlds! systems! and creations! —And creations,

” In one agglomerated cluster, hung,

” * Great VINE! on THEE, on THEE the cluster

” The filial cluster! infinitely spread (hangs;

” In glowing globes, with various beings fraught;

” And drinks (nectareous draught!) immortal life.

” Or, shall I say (for who can say enough?)

” A constellation of ten thousand gems,

” (And, O! of what dimension! of what weight!)

” Set in one signet, flames on the right hand

” Of MAJESTY DIVINE! The blazing seal,

” That deeply stamps, on all created mind,

” Indelible, his sov'reign attributes,

” OMNIPOTENCE, and LOVE! that, passing bound:

” And this, surpassing that. Nor stop we here,

” For want of pow'r in GOD, but thought in man.

” Ev'n this acknowledg'd, leaves us still in debt:

” If greater aught, that greater all is THINE,

” DREAD SIR! —Accept this miniature of THEE;

” And pardon an attempt from mortal thought,

” In which archangels might have fail'd, unblam'd”.

How such ideas of th' ALMIGHTY's pow'r,

And such ideas of th' ALMIGHTY's plan,

(Ideas not absurd) distend the thought

* John xv. 1.

Of feeble mortals! nor of them alone!

The fulness of the DEITY breaks forth

In inconceivables to men, and Gods.

Think, then, O think; nor ever drop the thought;

How low must man descend, when Gods adore!

Have I not, then, accomplish'd my proud boast?

Did I not tell thee, "We would mount, LORENZO!

And kindle our devotion at the stars?"

And have I fail'd? and did I flatter thee?

And art all adamant? and dost confute

All urg'd, with one irrefragable smile?

LORENZO! mirth how miserable here!

Swear by the stars, by HIM who made them, swear,

Thy heart, henceforth, shall be as pure as they:

Then thou, like them, shalt shine; like them,

shalt rise

From low to lofty; from obscure to bright;

By due gradation, nature's sacred law.

The stars, from whence? - Ask chaos—he can tell.

These bright temptations to idolatry,

From darkness, and confusion, took their birth;

Sons of deformity! from fluid dregs

Tartarean, first they rose to masses rude;

And then, to spheres opaque; then dimly shone;

Then brighten'd; then blaz'd out in perfect day.

Nature delights in progress; in advance

From worse to better: but, when minds ascend,

Progress, in part, depends upon themselves.

Heav'n aids exertion ; greater makes the great ;
The voluntary little lessens more.

O be a man ! and thou shalt be a God !

And half self-made !—Ambition how divine !

O thou , ambitious of disgrace alone !

Still undevout ? unkindled ? —tho' high-taught,

School'd by the skies, and pupil of the stars ;

Rank coward to the fashionable world !

Art thou asham'd to bend thy knee to heav'n ?

Curst fume of pride , exhal'd from deepest hell !

Pride in religion is man's highest praise.

Bent on destruction ! and in love with death !

Not all these luminaries , quench'd at once ,

Were half so sad ; as one benighted mind ,

Which gropes for happiness , and meets despair.

How , like a widow in her weeds , the Night ,

Amid her glimm'ring tapers , silent sits !

How sorrowful , how desolate , she weeps

Perpetual dews, and saddens nature's scene !

A scene more sad sin makes the darken'd soul ;

All comfort kills , nor leaves one spark alive.

Tho' blind of heart , still open is thine eye :

Why such magnificence in all thou seest ?

Of matter's grandeur , know , one end is this,

To tell the rational , who gazes on it—

“ Tho' that immensely great , still greater HE ,

“ Whose breast, capacious, can embrace, and lodge,

“ Unburden'd, nature's universal scheme ;

“ Can grasp creation with a single thought ;

» Creation grasp ; and not exclude its SIRE »—
 To tell him farther—« It behoves him much
 » To guard th' important , yet depending , fate
 » Of being , brighter than a thousand suns :
 » One single ray of thought outshines them all ».
 And if man hears obedient , soon he'll soar
 Superior heights , and on his purple wing ,
 His purple wing bedrop'd with eyes of gold ;
 Rising , where thought is now deny'd to rise ,
 Look down triumphant on these dazzling spheres.

Why then persist ? No mortal ever liv'd
 But , dying , he pronounc'd (when words are true)
 The whole that charms thee , absolutely vain ;
 Vain , and far worse !—Think thou , with dying
 O condescend to think as angels think ! (men ;
 O tolerate a chance for happiness !
 Our nature such , ill choice ensures ill fate ;
 And hell had been , tho' there had been no God.
 Dost thou not know , my new astronomer !
 Earth , turning from the sun , brings night to man ?
 Man , turning from his God , brings endless night ;
 Where thou canst read no morals , find no friend ,
 Amend no manners , and expect no peace.
 How deep the darkness ! and the groan , how loud !
 And far , how far , from lambent are the flames !—
 Such is LORENZO's purchase ! such his praise !
 The proud , the politic , LORENZO's praise !
 Tho' in his ear , and levell'd at his heart ,
 I've half read o'er the volume of the skies.

For think not thou hast heard all this from me ;
My song but echoes what Great Nature speaks.

What has she spoken ? thus the Goddess spoke ,
Thus speaks for ever : -- " Place , at nature's head ,
" A sov'reign , which o'er all things rolls his eye ,
" Extends his wing , promulgates his commands ,
" But above all , diffuses endless good ;
" To whom , for sure redress , the wrong'd may fly ;
" The vile , for mercy ; and the pain'd , for peace ;
" By whom , the various tenants of these spheres ,
" Diversify'd in fortunes , place , and pow'rs ,
" Rais'd in enjoyment , as in worth they rise ,
" Arrive at length (if worthy such approach)
" At that blest fountain-head , from which they
" stream ;

" Where conflict past redoubles present joy ;
" And present joy looks forward on increase ;
" And that , on more ; no period ! ev'ry step
" A double boon ! a promise , and a bliss " .

How easy fits this scheme on human hearts !
It suits their make ; it soothes their vast desires ;
Passion is pleas'd ; and reason asks no more ;
'Tis rational ! 'tis great ! -- But what is thine ?
It darkens ! shocks ! excruciates ! and confounds !
Leaves us quite naked , both of help , and hope ,
Sinking from bad to worse ; few years , the sport
Of fortune ; then , the morsel of despair .

Say , then , LORENZO ! (for thou know'st it well) ,
What's vice ? -- Mere want of compass in our thought .

Religion, what?—The proof of common-sense.
 How art thou whooted, where the least prevails!
 Is it my fault, if these truths call thee fool?
 And thou shalt never be miscall'd by me.
 Can neither shame, nor terror, stand thy friend?
 And art thou still an insect in the mire?
 How, like thy guardian angel, have I flown;
 Snatch'd thee from earth; escorted thee thro' all
 Th' ethereal armies; walkt thee, like a God,
 Thro' splendors of first magnitude, arrang'd
 On either hand; clouds thrown beneath thy feet;
 Close-cruis'd on the bright paradise of GOD;
 And almost introduc'd thee to THE THRONE!
 And art thou still carousing, for delight,
 Rank poison; first, fermenting to mere froth,
 And then subsiding into final gall?
 To beings of sublime, immortal make,
 How shocking is all joy, whose end is sure!
 Such joy, more shocking still, the more it charms!
 And dost thou chuse what ends ere well-begun;
 And infamous, as short? And dost thou chuse
 (Thou, to whose palate glory is so sweet)
 To wade into perdition, thro' contempt,
 Not of poor bigots only, but thy own?
 For I have peep'd into thy cover'd heart,
 And seen it blush beneath a boastful brow;
 For, by strong guilt's most violent assault,
 Conscience is but disabled, not destroy'd.
 O thou most awful being; and most vain!

Thy will, how frail ! how glorious is thy pow'r !
 Though dread ETERNITY has sown her seeds
 Of bliss, and woe, in thy despotic breast ;
 Though heav'n, and hell, depend upon thy choice ;
 A butterfly comes 'cross, and both are fled.
 Is this the picture of a rational ?

This horrid image, shall it be most just ?
 LORENZO ! no : it cannot, — shall not, be,
 If there is force in reason ; or, in sounds
 Chanted beneath the glimpses of the moon,
 A magic, at this planetary hour,
 When slumber locks the gen'ral lip, and dreams
 Through senseless mazes hunt souls un-inspir'd.
 Attend—The sacred mysteries begin—

My solemn night-born adoration hear ;
 Hear, and I'll raise thy spirit from the dust ;
 While the stars gaze on this enchantment new ;
 Enchantment, not infernal, but divine !

„ By Silence, Death's peculiar attribute ;
 „ By Darknefs, Guilt's inevitable doom ;
 „ By Darknefs, and by Silence, sisters dread !
 „ That draw the curtain round Night's ebon
 „ And raise ideas, solemn as the scene ! (throne,
 „ By Night, and all of awful, Night presents
 „ To thought, or sense (of awful much, to both,
 „ The Goddess brings) ! By these her trembling
 „ fires,
 „ Like VESTA's, ever-burning ; and, like hers,
 „ Sacred to thoughts immaculate, and pure !

- ” By these bright orators, that prove, and praise,
- ” And press thee to revere, the DEITY;
- ” Perhaps, too, aid thee, when rever'd awhile,
- ” To reach his throne; as stages of the soul,
- ” Through which, at diff'rent periods, she shall
- ” Refining gradual, for her final height, (pass,
- ” And purging off some dross at ev'ry sphere!
- ” By this dark pall thrown o'er the silent world!
- ” By the world's kings, and kingdoms, most re-
- ” nown'd,
- ” From short ambition's zenith set for ever;
- ” Sad presage to vain boasters, now in bloom!
- ” By the long list of swift mortality,
- ” From ADAM downward to this ev'ning knell,
- ” Which midnight waves in fancy's startled eye;
- ” And shocks her with an hundred centuries,
- ” Round death's black banner throng'd, in human
- ” thought!
- ” By thousands, now, resigning their last breath,
- ” And calling thee—wert thou so wise to hear!
- ” By tombs o'er tombs arising; human earth
- ” Ejected, to make room for—human earth;
- ” The monarch's terror! and the sexton's trade!
- ” By pompous obsequies that shun the day,
- ” The torch funereal, and the nodding plume,
- ” Which makes poor man's humiliation proud;
- ” Boast of our ruin! triumph of our dust!
- ” By the damp vault that weeps o'er royal bones;
- ” And the pale lamp that shews the ghastly dead,

„ More ghastly, through the thick incumbent
„ gloom!

„ By visits (if there are) from darker scenes ,
„ The gliding spectre ! and the groaning grave !
„ By groans, and graves , and miseries that groan
„ For the grave's shelter ! By desponding men ,
„ Senseless to pains of death , from pangs of guilt !
„ By guilt's last audit ! By yon moon in blood ,
„ The rocking firmament , the falling stars ,
„ And thunder's last discharge, great nature's knell !
„ By second chaos ; and eternal night „—

BE WISE—Nor let PHILANDER blame my charm ;
But own not ill-discharg'd my double debt ,
Love to the living ; duty to the dead.

For know I'm but executor ; he left
This moral legacy ; I make it o'er
By his command ; PHILANDER hear in me ;
And heav'n in both.—If deaf to these , oh ! hear
FLORELLO's tender voice ; his weal depends
On thy resolve ; it trembles at thy choice ;
For his sake —love thyself : example strikes
All human hearts ; a bad example more ;
More still , a father's ; that ensures his ruin.
As parent of his being , wouldst thou prove
Th' unnatural parent of his miseries ,
And make him curse the being which thou gav'st ?
Is this the blessing of so fond a father ?
If careless of LORENZO ! spare , Oh ! spare ,
FLORELLO's father , and PHILANDER's friend !

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FLORELLO's father ruin'd , ruins him ;
 And from PHILANDER's friend the world expects
 A conduct, no dishonour to the dead.
 Let passion do , what nobler motive should ;
 Let love , and emulation , rise in aid
 To reason ; and persuade thee to be -blest.

 This seems not a request to be deny'd ;
 Yet (such th' infatuation of mankind !)
 'Tis the most hopeless , man can make to man.
 Shall I , then , rise in argument , and warmth ?
 And urge PHILANDER's posthumous advice ,
 From topics yet unbroach'd ?—
 But oh ! I faint ! my spirits fail !—Nor strange !
 So long on wing , and in no middle clime !
 To which my great CREATOR's glory call'd :
 And calls—but , now , in vain. Sleep's dewy wand
 Has strok'd my drooping lids , and promises
 My long arrear of rest ; the downy God
 (Wont to return with our returning peace)
 Will pay , ere long , and blest me with repose.
 Haste , haste , sweet stranger ! from the peasant's cot ,
 The ship-boy's hammock , or the soldier's straw ,
 Whence sorrow never chas'd thee ; with thee bring ,
 Not hideous visions , as of late ; but draughts
 Delicious of well-tasted , cordial , rest ;
 Man's rich restorative ; his balmy bath ,
 That supples , lubricates , and keeps in play
 The various movements of this nice machine ,
 Which asks such frequent periods of repair.

When tir'd with vain rotations of the day,
 Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn;
 Fresh we spin on, till sickness clogs our wheels,
 Or death quite breaks the spring, and motion ends.
 When will it end with me?

—“THOU only know'st,
 ” THOU, whose broad eye the future, and the past,
 ” Joins to the present; making one of three
 ” To moral thought! THOU know'st, and THOU
 ” alone. (known t
 ” All-knowing! —All-unknown! —And yet well-
 ” Near, tho' remote! and, tho' unfathom'd, felt!
 ” And, tho' invisible, for ever seen!
 ” And seen in all! the great and the minute:
 ” Each globe above, with its gigantic race,
 ” Each flow'r, each leaf, with its small people
 ” swarm'd,
 ” (Those puny vouchers of OMNIPOTENCE!)
 ” To the first thought, that asks, “from whence?”
 ” declare (ningo'er
 ” Their common source. THOU Fountain, run-
 ” In rivers of communicated joy!
 ” Who gav'st us speech for far, far humbler themes!
 ” Say, by what name shall I presume to call
 ” HIM I see burning in these countless suns,
 ” As MOSES, in the bush? ILLUSTRIOUS MIND!
 ” The whole creation, less, far less, to thee,
 ” Than that, to the creation's ample round.

» How shall I name THEE?—How my labouring
 » soul (birth!
 » Heaves underneath the thought, too big for
 » Great System of perfections! Mighty Cause
 » Of causes mighty! Cause uncaus'd! Sole Root
 » Of nature, that luxuriant growth of GOD!
 » First Father of effects! that progeny
 » Of endless series; where the golden chain's
 » Last link admits a period, who can tell?
 » Father of all that is or heard, or hears!
 » Father of all that is or seen, or fees!
 » Father of all that is, or shall arise!
 » Father of this immeasurable mass
 » Of matter multiform; or dense, or rare;
 » Opaque, or lucid; rapid, or at rest;
 » Minute, or passing bound! in each extreme
 » Of like amaze, and mystery, to man.
 » Father of these bright millions of the night!
 » Of which the least full Godhead had proclaim'd,
 » And thrown the gazer on his knee—Or, say,
 » Is appellation higher still, Thy choice?
 » Father of matter's temporary lords!
 » Father of spirits! nobler offspring! sparks
 » Of high paternal glory; rich endow'd
 » With various measures, and with various modes
 » Of instinct, reason, intuition; beams
 » More pale, or bright from day divine, to break
 » The dark of matter organiz'd (the ware
 » Of all created spirit); beams, that rise

THE CONSOLATION.

- „ Each over other in superior light,
„ Till the last ripens into lustre strong,
„ Of next approach to Godhead. Father fond
„ (Far fonder than e'er bore that name on earth)
„ Of intellectual beings ! beings blest
„ With pow'rs to please THEE ; not of passive ply
„ To laws they know not ; beings lodg'd in seats
„ Of well-adapted joys , in diff'rent domes
„ Of this imperial palace for thy sons ;
„ Of this proud , populous , well-policy'd ,
„ Though boundless habitation , plann'd by THEE :
„ Whose sev'ral clans their sev'ral climates suit ;
„ And transposition , doubtless , would destroy.
„ Or , oh ! indulge , IMMORTAL KING , indulge
„ A title , less august indeed , but more
„ Endearing ; ah ! how sweet in human ears !
„ Sweet in our ears , and triumph in our hearts !
„ FATHER OF IMMORTALITY TO MAN !
„ A theme that * lately set my soul on fire—
„ And THOU the NEXT ! yet equal ! THOU , by
„ whom (bought ;
„ That blessing was convey'd ; far more ! was
„ Ineffable the price ! by whom all worlds (Light
„ Were made ; and one , redeem'd ! Illustrious !
„ From Light illustrious ! THOU , whose Regal
„ Finite in time , but infinite in space , (Pow'r ,
„ On more than adamantine basis fix'd ,
„ O'er more , far more , than diadems , and thrones ,
• Nights the Sixth and Seventh.

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- » Inviolably reigns ; the Dread of Gods !
- » And Oh ! the Friend of man ! beneath whose foot,
- » And by the mandate of whose awful nod ,
- » All regions , revolutions , fortunes , fates ,
- » Of high , of low , of mind , and matter , roll
- » Through the short channels of expiring time ,
- » Or shoreless ocean of eternity ,
- » Calm , or tempestuous (as thy spirit breathes) ,
- » In absolute subjection ! — And , O THOU
- » The glorious TRIAD ! Distinct , not separate !
- » Beaming from both ! with both incorporate ;
- » And (strange to tell !) incorporate with dust !
- » By condescension , as thy glory , great ,
- » Enshrin'd in man ! of human hearts , if pure ,
- » Divine Inhabitant ! the tie divine
- » Of heav'n with distant earth ! by whom , I trust ,
- » (If not inspir'd) uncensur'd this address
- » To THEE , to THEM — To whom ? — Mysterious
- » Pow'r !
- » Reveal'd — yet unreveal'd ! Darknefs in light ;
- » Number in unity ; our joy ! our dread !
- » The triple bolt that lays all wrong in ruin !
- » That animates all right , the triple sun !
- » Sun of the soul ! her never-setting sun !
- » Triune , unutterable , unconceiv'd ,
- » Absconding , yet demonstrable , GREAT GOD !
- » Greater than greatest ! better than the best !
- » Kinder than kindest ! with soft pity's eye ,
- » Or (stronger still to speak it) with thine own ,

- „ From thy bright home, from that high firma-
„ ment, . . .
„ Where THOU, from all eternity, hast dwelt;
„ Beyond archangels unassisted ken;
„ From far above what mortals highest call;
„ From elevation's pinnacle; look down,
„ Through—what? Confounding interval! thro' all
„ And more than lab'ring fancy can conceive;
„ Through radiant ranks of essences unknown;
„ Through hierarchies from hierarchies detach'd
„ Round various banners of OMNIPOTENCE,
„ With endless change of rapturous duties fir'd;
„ Through wond'rous beings interposing swarms,
„ All clust'ring at the call, to dwell in THEE;
„ Through this wide waste of worlds! this *vista*
„ vast,
„ All fanded o'er with suns; suns turn'd to night
„ Before thy feeblest beam—look down—down—
„ On a poor breathing particle in dust, (down,
„ Or, lower, an immortal in his crimes.
„ His crimes forgive! forgive his virtues, too!
„ Those smaller faults, half-converts to the right.
„ Nor let me close these eyes, which never more
„ May see the sun (though Night's descending scale
„ Now weighs up morn), unpity'd, and unblest!
„ In thy displeasure dwells eternal pain;
„ Pain, our aversion; pain, which strikes me now;
„ And, since all pain is terrible; to man,
„ Though transient, terrible; at thy good hour,

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- " Gently, ah gently, lay me in my bed,
- " My clay-cold bed! by nature, now, so near;
- " By nature, near; still nearer by disease!
- " Till then, be this, an emblem of my grave:
- " Let it out-preach the preacher; ev'ry night
- " Let it out-cry the boy at PHILIP's ear;
- " That tongue of death! that herald of the tomb!
- " And when (the shelter of thy wing implor'd)
- " My senses, sooth'd, shall sink in soft repose,
- " O sink this truth still deeper in my soul,
- " Suggested by my pillow, sign'd by fate,
- " First, in fate's volume, at the page of man---
- " Man's sickly soul, though turn'd and tofs'd for
- " ever,
- " From side to side, can rest on nought but THEE:
- " Here, in full trust, hereafter, in full joy;
- " On THEE, the promis'd, sure, eternal down
- " Of spirits, toil'd in travel through this vale.
- " Nor of that pillow shall my soul despond;
- " For—Love almighty! Love almighty! (sing,
- " Exult, creation!) Love almighty, reigns!
- " That death of death! that cordial of despair!
- " And loud ETERNITY's triumphant song! (God!
- " Of whom, no more:—For, O thou PATRON-
- " Thou GOD and mortal! thence more GOD to man!
- " Man's theme eternal! man's eternal theme!
- " THOU can'st not 'scape uninjur'd from our praise.
- " Uninjur'd from our praise can HE escape,
- " Who disembosom'd from the FATHER, bows

- » The heav'n of heav'ns, to kiss the distant earth!
 » Breathes out in agonies a sinless soul!
 » Against the Cross, Death's iron sceptre breaks!
 » From famish'd ruin plucks her human prey!
 » Throws wide the gates celestial to his foes!
 » Their gratitude, for such a boundless debt,
 » Deputes their suffering brothers to receive!
 » And, if deep human guilt in payment fails;
 » As deeper guilt, prohibits our despair!
 » Injoins it, as our duty, to rejoice!
 » And (to close all) omnipotently kind,
 » Takes his delights among the sons of men».

What words are these—And did they come
 from heav'n?

And were they spoke to man? to guilty man?

What are all mysteries to love like this?

The songs of angels, all the melodies

Of choral Gods, are wafted in the sound;

Heal and exhilarate the broken heart;

Though plung'd, before, in horrors dark as night:

Rich prelibation of consummate joy!

Nor wait we dissolution to be blest.

This final effort of the moral Muse,

How justly * titled! nor for me alone:

For all that read; what spirit of support,

What heights of CONSOLATION, crown my song!

Then, farewell NIGHT! of darkness, now, no

more.

* The CONSOLATION.

Joy breaks ; shines ; triumphs ; 'tis eternal day.
 Shall that which rises out of nought complain
 Of a few evils , paid with endless joys ?
 My soul ! henceforth , in sweetest union join
 The two supports of human happiness ,
 Which some , erroneous , think can never meet ;
 True taste of life , and constant thought of death !
 The thought of death , sole victor of its dread !
 Hope , be thy joy ; and probity , thy skill ;
 Thy patron HE , whose diadem has dropp'd
 Yon gems of heav'n ; Eternity , thy prize :
 And leave the racers of the world their own ,
 Their feather , and their froth , for endless toils :
 They part with all for that which is not bread ;
 They mortify , they starve , on wealth , fame ,
 pow'r ;
 And laugh to scorn the fools that aim at more.
 How must a spirit , late escap'd from earth ,
 Suppose PHILANDER's , LUCIA's , or NARCISSA's ,
 The truth of things new-blazing in its eye ,
 Look back , astonish'd , on the ways of men ,
 Whose lives whole drift is to forget their graves !
 And when our present privilege is past ,
 To scourge us with due sense of its abuse ,
 The same astonishment will seize us all.
 What then must pain us , would preserve us now.
 LORENZO ! 'tis not yet too late ; LORENZO !
 Seize wisdom , ere 'tis torment to be wise ;
 That is , seize wisdom , ere she seizes thee.

For, what, my small philosopher! is hell?
'Tis nothing, but full knowledge of the truth,
When truth, resisted long, is sworn our foe;
And calls ETERNITY to do her right.

Thus, darkness aiding intellectual light,
And sacred silence whisp'ring truths divine;
And truths divine converting pain to peace,
My song the midnight raven has outwing'd,
And shot, ambitious of unbounded scenes,
Beyond the flaming limits of the world,
Her gloomy flight. But what avails the flight
Of fancy, when our hearts remain below?
Virtue abounds in flatterers, and foes;
'Tis pride, to praise her; penance, to perform.
To more than words, to more than worth of
tongue,

LORENZO! rise, at his auspicious hour;
An hour, when heav'n's most intimate with man;
When, like a falling star, the ray divine
Glides swift into the bosom of the just;
And just are all, determin'd to reclaim;
Which sets that title high within thy reach.
Awake, then: thy PHILANDER calls: awake!
Thou, who shalt wake, when the creation sleeps;
When, like a taper, all these suns expire;
When TIME, like him of Gaza in his wrath,
Plucking the pillars that support the world,
In NATURE's ample ruins lies intomb'd;
And MIDNIGHT, universal Midnight! reigns.

END OF THE NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

THE
LAST DAY.

VOL. II.

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THE LAST DAY.

BOOK I.

*Ipse pater, media nimborum in nocte, corusca
Fulmina molitur dextra. Quo maxima motu
Terra tremit: fugere ferae: et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor. ——— VIRG.*

WHILE others sing the fortune of the great;
Empire and arms, and all the pomp of state;
With Britain's hero * set their souls on fire,
And grow immortal as his deeds inspire;
I draw a deeper scene: a scene that yields
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields;
The world alarm'd, both earth and heav'n o'er-
thrown,
And gasping nature's last tremendous groan;
Death's antient sceptre broke, the teeming tomb-
The righteous judge, and man's eternal doom.

* The Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

'Twixt joy and pain I view the bold design,
 And ask my anxious heart, if it be mine.
 Whatever great or dreadful has been done
 Within the sight of conscious stars or sun,
 Is far beneath my daring: I look down
 On all the splendors of the British crown.
 This globe is for my verse a narrow bound;
 Attend me, all the glorious worlds around!
 O! all ye angels, howsoe'er disjoin'd,
 Of ev'ry various order, place, and kind,
 Hear, and assist, a feeble mortal's lays;
 'Tis your Eternal King I strive to praise.

But chiefly thou, Great Ruler! Lord of all!
 Before whose throne archangels prostrate fall;
 If at thy nod, from discord, and from night,
 Sprang beauty, and yon sparkling worlds of light,
 Exalt e'en me; all inward tumults quell;
 The clouds and darkness of my mind dispel;
 To my great subject thou my breast inspire,
 And raise my lab'ring soul with equal fire.

Man, bear thy brow aloft, view ev'ry grace
 In God's great offspring, beauteous nature's face:
 See spring's gay bloom; see golden autumn's store;
 See how earth smiles, and hear old ocean roar.
 Leviathans but heave their cumb'rous mail,
 It makes a tide, and wind-bound navies fail.
 Here, forests rise, the mountains awful pride;
 Here, rivers measure climes, and worlds divide;
 There, vallies fraught with gold's resplendent seeds,
 Hold kings, and kingdoms fortunes, in their beds:

There, to the skies, aspiring hills ascend,
And into distant lands their shades extend.
View cities, armies, fleets; of fleets the pride,
See Europe's law, in Albion's channel ride.
View the whole earth's vast landskip unconfin'd,
Or view in Britain all her glories join'd.

Then let the firmament thy wonder raise;
'Twill raise thy wonder, but transcend thy praise.
How far from east to west? The lab'ring eye
Can scarce the distant azure bounds descry:
Wide theatre! where tempests play at large,
And God's right-hand can all its wrath discharge.
Mark how those radiant lamps inflame the pole,
Call forth the seasons, and the year controul:
They shine thro' time, with an unalter'd ray:
See this grand period rise, and that decay:
So vast, this world's a grain; yet myriads grace,
With golden pomp, the throng'd ethereal space;
So bright, with such a wealth of glory stor'd,
'Twere sin in heathens not to have ador'd.

How great, how firm, how sacred, all appears!
How worthy an immortal round of years!
Yet all must drop, as autumn's sickliest grain,
And earth and firmament be sought in vain:
The tract forgot where constellations shone,
Or where the STUARTS fill'd an awful throne:
Time shall be slain, all nature be destroy'd,
Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.

Sooner, or later, in some future date,
(A dreadful secret in the book of fate!)

This hour, for aught all human wisdom knows,
 Or when ten thousand harvests more have rose;
 When scenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,
 Old empires fall, and give new empires birth;
 While other Bourbons rule in other lands,
 And (if man's sin forbids not) other ANNES;
 While the still busy world is treading o'er
 The paths they trod five thousand years before,
 Thoughtless as those who now life's mazes run,
 Of earth dissolv'd, or an extinguish'd sun;
 (Ye sublunary worlds, awake, awake!
 Ye rulers of the nations, hear, and shake!)
 Thick clouds of darkness shall arise on day;
 In sudden night all earth's dominions lay;
 Impetuous winds the scatter'd forests rend;
 Eternal mountains, like their cedars, bend;
 The valleys yawn, the troubled ocean roar,
 And break the bondage of his wonted shore;
 A sanguine stain the silver moon o'erspread;
 Darkness the circle of the sun invade;
 From inmost heav'n incessant thunders roll,
 And the strong echo bound from pole to pole.

When, lo! a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
 In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
 Shall pour a dreadful note; the piercing call
 Shall rattle in the centre of the ball;
 Th' extended circuit of creation shake,
 The living die with fear, the dead awake.

Oh pow'rful blast! to which no equal sound
 Did e'er the frightened ear of nature wound,

Tho' rival clarions have been strain'd on high,
 And kindled wars immortal thro' the sky,
 Tho' God's whole enginery discharg'd, and all
 The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall.

Have angels sinn'd? and shall not man beware?
 How shall a son of earth decline the snare?
 Not folded arms, and slackness of the mind,
 Can promise for the safety of mankind:
 None are supinely good: thro' care and pain,
 And various arts, the steep ascent we gain.
 This is the scene of combat, not of rest,
 Man's is laborious happiness at best;
 On this side death his dangers never cease,
 His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.

If then, obsequious to the will of fate,
 And bending to the terms of human state,
 When guilty joys invite us to their arms,
 When beauty smiles, or grandeur spreads her
 charms,

The conscious soul would this great scene display,
 Call down th' immortal hosts in dread array,
 The trumpet sound, the christian banner spread,
 And raise from silent graves the trembling dead;
 Such deep impression would the picture make,
 No pow'r on earth her firm resolve could shake;
 Engag'd with angels she would greatly stand,
 And look regardless down on sea and land;
 Not proffer'd worlds her ardour could restrain,
 And death might shake his threat'ning lance in

vain.

Her certain conquest would endear the fight,
And danger serve but to exalt delight.

Instructed thus to shun the fatal spring,
Whence flow the terrors of that day I sing;
More boldly we our labours may pursue,
And all the dreadful image set to view.

The sparkling eye, the sleek and painted breast,
The burnish'd scale, curl'd train, and rising crest,
All that is lovely in the noxious snake,
Provokes our fear, and bids us fly the brake:
The sting once drawn, his guiltless beauties rise
In pleasing lustre, and detain our eyes;
We view with joy, what once did horror move,
And strong aversion softens into love.

Say then, my Muse, whom dismal scenes delight,
Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night;
Say, melancholy maid, if bold to dare
The last extremes of terror and despair;
Oh say, what change on earth, what heart in man,
This blackest moment since the world began.

Ah mournful turn! the blissful earth, who late
At leisure on her axle roll'd in state;
While thousand golden planets knew no rest,
Still onward in their circling journey prest;
A grateful change of seasons some to bring,
And sweet vicissitude of fall and spring:
Some thro' vast oceans to conduct the keel,
And some those watry worlds to sink, or swell:
Around her some their splendors to display,
And gild her globe with tributary day:

This world so great, of joy the bright abode,
Heav'n's darling child, and fav'rite of her God,
Now looks an exile from her father's care,
Deliver'd o'er to darkness and despair.
No sun in radiant glory shines on high;
No light, but from the terrors of the sky:
Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers lost,
And all into a second chaos tost:
One universal ruin spreads abroad;
Nothing is safe beneath the throne of God.

Such, earth, thy fate: what then canst thou
afford

To comfort, and support thy guilty lord?
Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
How must he bend his soul's ambition down?
Prostrate, the reptile own, and disavow
His boasted stature, and assuming brow?
Claim kindred with the clay, and curse his form,
That speaks distinction from his sister worm?
What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade?
Lord, why dost thou forsake, whom thou hast
made?

Who can sustain thy anger? who can stand
Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand?
It flies the reach of thought; oh save me, Pow'r
Of pow'rs supreme, in that tremendous hour!
Thou, who beneath the frown of fate hast stood,
And in thy dreadful agony sweat blood;
Thou, who for me, thro' ev'ry throbbing vein,
Hast felt the keenest edge of mortal pain;

Whom death led captive through the realms below,
And taught those horrid mysteries of woe ;
Defend me , O my God ! Oh save me , Pow'r
Of pow'rs supreme , in that tremendous hour !

From east to west they fly , from pole to
: line ,

Imploring shelter from the wrath divine ;
Beg flames to wrap , or whelming seas to sweep ,
Or rocks to yawn , compassionately deep :
Seas cast the monster forth to meet his doom ,
And rocks but prison up for wrath to come.

So fares a traitor to an earthly crown ;
While death sits threat'ning in his prince's frown ,
His heart's dismay'd ; and now his fears command
To change his native for a distant land :
Swift orders fly , the king's severe decree
Stands in the channel , and locks up the sea ;
The port he seeks , obedient to her lord ,
Hurls back the rebel to his lifted sword.

But why this idle toil to paint that day ?
This time elaborately thrown away ?
Words all in vain pant after the distress ;
The height of eloquence would make it less ;
Heav'ns ! how the good man trembles ?—

And is there a Last Day ? and must there come
A sure , a fix'd , inexorable doom ?
Ambition , swell , and , thy proud sails to show ,
Take all the winds that vanity can blow ;
Wealth , on a golden mountain blazing stand ,
And reach an India forth in either hand ;

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Spread all thy purple clusters, tempting vine,
And thou, more dreaded foe, bright beauty,
Shine;

Shine all; in all your charms together rise;
That all, in all your charms, I may despise,
While I mount upward on a strong desire,
Borne, like Elijah, in a car of fire.

In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd!
To smile at death! to long to be dissolv'd!
From our decays a pleasure to receive!
And kindle into transport at a grave!
What equals this? and shall the victor now
Boast the proud laurels on his loaded brow?
Religion! oh thou cherub, heav'nly bright!
Oh joys unmix'd, and fathomless delight!
Thou, thou art all; nor find I in the whole
Creation aught, but God and my own soul.

For ever then, my soul, thy God adore,
Nor let the brute creation praise him more.
Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,
And flush my conscious cheek with spreading
shame?

They all for him pursue, or quit, their end;
The mounting flames their burning pow'r suspend;
In solid heaps th' unfrozen billows stand,
To rest and silence aw'd by his command:
Nay, the dire monsters that infest the flood,
By nature dreadful, and athirst for blood,
His will can calm, their savage tempers bind,
And turn to mild protectors of mankind.

Did not the prophet this great truth maintain
 In the deep chambers of the gloomy main;
 When darkness round him all her horrors spread,
 And the loud ocean bellow'd o'er his head?

When now the thunder roars, the light'ning
 flies,

And all the warring winds tumultuous rise;
 When now the foaming surges, tost on high,
 Disclose the sands beneath, and touch the sky;
 When death draws near, the mariners aghast,
 Look back with terror on their actions past;
 Their courage sickens into deep dismay,
 Their hearts, through fear and anguish, melt away;
 Nor tears, nor pray'rs, the tempest can appease;
 Now they devote their treasure to the seas:
 Unload their shatter'd barque, tho' richly fraught,
 And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought
 With gems and gold; but oh, the storm so high!
 Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.

The trembling prophet then, themselves to
 save,

They headlong plunge into the briny wave;
 Down he descends, and, booming o'er his head,
 The billows close; he's number'd with the dead.
 (Hear, O ye just! attend, ye virtuous few!
 And the bright paths of piety pursue)
 Lo! the Great Ruler of the world, from high,
 Looks smiling down with a propitious eye,
 Covers his servant with his gracious hand,
 And bids tempestuous nature silent stand;

Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
Or kindly fold him in a soft embrace:
He bridles in the monsters of the deep:
The bridled monsters awful distance keep:
Forget their hunger, while they view their prey;
And guiltless gaze, and round the stranger play.

But still arise new wonders; nature's Lord
Sends forth into the deep his pow'rful word,
And calls the great leviathan: the great
Leviathan attends in all his state;
Exults for joy, and, with a mighty bound,
Makes the sea shake, and heav'n and earth resound;
Blackens the waters with the rising sand,
And drives vast billows to the distant land.

As yawns an earthquake, when imprison'd air
Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare,
The whale expands his jaws enormous size;
The prophet views the cavern with surprize;
Measures his monstrous teeth, afar descry'd,
And rolls his wond'ring eyes from side to side:
Then takes possession of the spacious seat,
And sails secure within the dark retreat.

Now is he pleas'd the northern blast to hear,
And hangs on liquid mountains, void of fear;
Or falls immers'd into the depths below,
Where the dead silent waters never flow;
To the foundations of the hills convey'd,
Dwells in the shelving mountains dreadful shade:
Where plummet never reach'd, he draws his breath,
And glides serenely thro' the paths of death.

Two wond'rous days and nights thro' coral groves,
Thro' labyrinths of rocks and sands, he roves :
When the third morning with its level rays
The mountains gilds, and on the billows plays,
It sees the king of waters rise, and pour
His sacred guest uninjur'd on the shore :
A type of that great blessing, which the Muse
In her next labour ardently pursues.

THE
LAST DAY.

BOOK II.

Ἐκ γαίης ἐλπίζομεν εἰς χάρις ἐλθεῖν
Λείψαν' ἀποικομίνων ὀπίσω δι' Οὐοὶ τελίθεσσιται.

PHOCYL.

i. e.

— *We hope, that the departed will rise again from
the dust: after which, like the Gods, they will be
immortal.*

Now man awakes, and from his silent bed,
Where he has slept for ages, lifts his head;
Shakes off the slumber of ten thousand years,
And on the borders of new worlds appears.
Whate'er the bold, the rash, adventure cost,
In wide ETERNITY I dare be lost.
The Muse is wont in narrow bounds to sing,
To teach the swain, or celebrate the king.
I grasp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,
I lift my voice, and sing to human kind:

I sing to men and angels ; angels join ,
While such the theme, their sacred songs with mine.

Again the trumpeter's intermitted sound
Rolls the wide circuit of creation round ,
An universal concourse to prepare
Of all that ever breath'd the vital air :
In some wide field, which active whirlwinds sweep,
Drive cities , forests , mountains , to the deep ,
To smooth and lengthen out th' unbounded space ,
And spread an area for all human race.

Now monuments prove faithful to their trust ,
And render back their long committed dust.
Now charnels rattle ; scatter'd limbs , and all
The various bones , obsequious to the call ,
Self-mov'd , advance ; the neck perhaps to meet
The distant head ; the distant legs the feet.
Dreadful to view , see thro' the dusky sky
Fragments of bodies in confusion fly ,
To distant regions journeying , there to claim
Deserted members , and compleat the frame.

When the world bow'd to Rome's almighty sword,
Rome bow'd to POMPEY , and confess'd her lord.
Yet , one day lost , this deity below
Became the scorn and pity of his foe.
His blood a traitor's sacrifice was made ,
And smok'd indignant on a ruffian's blade.
No trumpeter's sound , no gasping army's yell ,
Bid , with due horror , his great soul farewell.
Obscure his fall ! all weltring in his gore ,
His trunk was cast to perish on the shore !

While JULIUS frown'd the bloody monster dead,
Who brought the world in his great rival's head.
This fever'd head and trunk shall join once more,
Tho' realms now rife between, and oceans roar.
The trumpet's sound each fragrant mote shall hear,
Or fix'd in earth, or if afloat in air,
Obey the signal wafted in the wind,
And not one sleeping atom lag behind.

So swarming bees, that on a summer's day,
In airy rings, and wild meanders play,
Charm'd with the brazen sound, their wand'rings
And, gently circling, on a bough descend. (end,

The body thus renew'd, the conscious soul,
Which has perhaps been flutt'ring near the pole,
Or midst the burning planets wond'ring stray'd,
Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpse was laid;
Or rather coasted on her final state,
And fear'd, or wish'd for, her appointed fate:
This soul, returning with a constant flame,
Now weds for ever her immortal frame.
Life, which ran down before, so high is wound,
The springs maintain an everlasting round.

Thus a frail model of the work design'd
First takes a copy of the builder's mind,
Before the structure firm with lasting oak,
And marble bowels of the solid rock,
Turns the strong arch, and bids the columns rise,
And bear the lofty palace to the skies;
The wrongs of time enabled to surpass,
With bars of adamant, and ribs of brass,

That antient, sacred, and illustrious * dome;
 Where, soon or late, fair Albion's heroes come,
 From camps, and courts, tho' great, or wise, or
 just,
 To feed the worm, and moulder into dust;
 That solemn mansion of the royal dead,
 Where passing slaves o'er sleeping monarchs tread,
 Now populous o'erflows: a num'rous race
 Of rising kings fills all th' extended space:
 A life well spent, not the victorious sword,
 Awards the crown, and stiles the greater lord:
 Nor monuments alone, and burial-earth,
 Labours with man to this his second birth;
 But where gay palaces in pomp arise,
 And gilded theatres invade the skies,
 Nations shall wake, whose unrespected bones
 Support the pride of their luxurious sons.
 The most magnificent and costly dome
 Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.
 No spot on earth, but has supply'd a grave,
 And human skulls the spacious ocean pave.
 All's full of man; and at this dreadful turn,
 The swarm shall issue, and the hive shall burn.

Not all at once, nor in like manner, rise:
 Some lift with pain their slow unwilling eyes:
 Shrink backward from the terror of the light,
 And bless the grave, and call for lasting night.
 Others, whose long-attempted virtue stood
 Fix'd as a rock, and broke the rushing flood,

* Westminster Abbey.

Whose firm resolve, nor beauty could melt down,
Nor raging tyrants from their posture frown;
Such, in this day of horrors, shall be seen
To face the thunders with a godlike mien;
The planets drop, their thoughts are fixt above;
The centre shakes, their hearts disdain to move:
An earth dissolving, and a heav'n thrown wide,
A yawning gulph, and fiends on ev'ry side,
Serene they view, impatient of delay,
And bless the dawn of everlasting day. (place;
Here greatness prostrate falls; there, strength gives
Here, lazars smile; there, beauty hides her face.
Christians, and Jews, and Turks, and Pagans stand,
A blended throng, one undistinguish'd band.
Some, who, perhaps, by mutual wounds expir'd,
With zeal for their distinct persuasions fir'd,
In mutual friendship their long slumber break,
And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.

But none are flush'd with brighter joy, or, warm
With juster confidence, enjoy the storm,
Than those, whose pious bounties, unconfin'd,
Have made them public fathers of mankind.
In that illustrious rank, what shining light
With such distinguish'd glory fills my sight?
Bend down, my grateful Muse, that homage show,
Which to such worthies thou art proud to owe.
WICKHAM! FOX! CHICHELEY! hail, illustrious * na-
Who to far distant times dispense your beams; (mes,

* Founders of New-College, Corpus Christi, and All-Souls,
in Oxford; of all which the author was a member.

Beneath your shades, and near your crystal springs,
 I first presum'd to touch the trembling strings.
 All hail, thrice honour'd! 'Twas your great renown
 To bless a people, and oblige a crown.
 And now you rise, eternally to shine,
 Eternally to drink the rays divine.

Indulgent God! Oh how shall mortal raise
 His soul to due returns of grateful praise,
 For bounty so profuse to human kind,
 Thy wond'rous gift of an eternal mind?
 Shall I, who, some few years ago, was less
 Than worm, or mite, or shadow can express,
 Was nothing; shall I live, when ev'ry fire
 And ev'ry star shall languish and expire?
 When earth's no more, shall I survive above;
 And thro' the radiant files of angels move?
 Or, as before the throne of God I stand,
 See new worlds rolling from his spacious hand,
 Where our adventures shall perhaps be taught,
 As we now tell how MICHAEL sung or fought?
 All that has being in full concert join,
 And celebrate the depths of love divine!

But oh! before this blissful state, before
 Th' aspiring soul this wond'rous height can soar,
 The Judge, descending, thunders from afar,
 And all mankind is summon'd to the bar.

This mighty scene I next presume to draw:
 Attend, great ANNA, with religious awe.
 Expect not here the known successful arts
 To win attention, and command our hearts:

Fiction, be far away; let no machine
Descending here, no fabled God, be seen;
Behold the GOD of Gods indeed descend,
And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend!

Lo! the wide theatre, whose ample space
Must entertain the whole of human race,
At heav'n's all-pow'rful edict is prepar'd,
And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow
The mighty plain, and deluge all below:
And ev'ry age, and nation, pours along;
NIMROD and BOURBON mingle in the throng:
ADAM salutes his youngest son; no sign
Of all those ages, which their births disjoin.

How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart!
What volumes have been swell'd, what time been
spent,

To fix a hero's birth day, or descent?
What joy must it now yield, what rapture raise,
To see the glorious race of antient days?
To greet those worthies, who perhaps have
stood

Illustrious on record before the flood?
Alas! a nearer care your soul demands;
CÆSAR un-noted in your presence stands.

How vast the concourse! not in number more
The waves that break on the resounding shore,
The leaves that tremble in the shady grove,
The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above.

Those overwhelming armies, whose command
 Said to one empire, fall; another, stand:
 Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
 Rouz'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on:
 Great XERXES' world in arms, proud Cannæ's field,
 Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield,
 (Another blow had broke the fates decree,
 And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy)
 Immortal Blenheim, fam'd Ramillia's host,
 They all are here, and here they all are lost:
 Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain,
 Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.

This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
 For judgment, judgment, sons of men, prepare!
 Earth shakes anew; I hear her groans profound;
 And hell through all her trembling realms resound.

Whoe'er thou art, thou greatest pow'r of earth,
 Blest with most equal planets at thy birth;
 Whose valour drew the most successful sword,
 Most realms united in one common lord;
 Who, on the day of triumph, saidst, be thine
 The skies, JEHOVAH, all this world is mine:
 Dare not to lift thine eye—Alas! my Muse,
 How art thou lost! what numbers canst thou chuse?

A sudden blush inflames the waving sky,
 And now the crimson curtains open fly;
 Lo! far within, and far above all height, (light,
 Where heav'n's great sov'reign reigns in worlds of
 Whence nature he informs, and with one ray
 Shot from his eye, does all her works survey,

Creates, supports, confounds! Where time, and
place,

Matter, and form, and fortune, life, and grace,
Wait humbly at the footstool of their God,
And move obedient at his awful nod;
Whence he beholds us, vagrant emmets, crawl
At random on this air-suspended ball,
(Speck of creation): if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.

Thence issuing I behold (but mortal sight
Sustains not such a rushing sea of light!)
I see, on an empyreal flying throne
Sublimely rais'd, heav'n's everlasting SON;
Crown'd with that majesty, which form'd the
world,

And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
Virtue, dominion, praise, omnipotence,
Support the train of their triumphant prince.
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light.
Night shades the solemn arches of his brows,
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
Where'er serene, he turns propitious eyes,
Or we expect, or find, a paradise:
But if resentment reddens their mild beams,
The Eden kindles, and the world's in flames.
On one hand, knowledge shines in purest light;
On one, the sword of justice, fiercely bright.
Now bend the knee in sport, present the reed;
Now tell the scourg'd impostor he shall bleed!

Thus glorious thro' the courts of heav'n, the source
 Of life and death eternal bends his course;
 Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play;
 Th' angelic host is rang'd in bright array:
 Some touch the string, some strike the sounding
 And mingling voices in rich concert swell; (shell,
 Voices seraphic; blest with such a strain,
 Could Satan hear, he were a God again.

Triumphant KING of GLORY! Soul of bliss!
 What a stupendous turn of fate is this?
 Oh! whither art thou rais'd above the scorn
 And indigence of him in Bethlem born;
 A needful, helpless, unaccounted, guest,
 And but a second to the fodder'd beast?
 How chang'd from him, who meekly prostrate laid,
 Vouchsaf'd to wash the feet himself had made?
 From him who was betray'd, forsook, deny'd,
 Wept, languish'd, pray'd, bled, thirsted, groan'd, and
 Hung pierc'd and bare, insulted by the foe, (dy'd;
 All heav'n in tears above, earth unconcern'd below?

And was 't enough to bid the sun retire?
 Why did not nature at thy groan expire?
 I see, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine;
 The world is vanish'd,—I am wholly thine.

Mistaken CAIAPHAS! Ah! which blasphem'd;
 Thou, or thy pris'ner? which shall be condemn'd?
 Well might'st thou rend thy garments, well exclaim;
 Deep are the horrors of eternal flame!
 But God is good! 'Tis wond'rous all! Ev'n he
 Thou gav'st to death, shame, torture, dy'd for thee.

Now

Now the descending triumph stops its flight
From earth full twice a planetary height.
There all the clouds condens'd, two columns
raise

Distinct with orient veins, and golden blaze.
One fix'd on earth, and one in sea, and round
Its ample foot the swelling billows sound.
These an immeasurable arch support,
The grand tribunal of this awful court.
Sheets of bright azure, from the purest sky,
Stream from the crystal arch, and round the co-
lums fly.

Death, wrapt in chains, low at the basis lies,
And on the point of his own arrow dies.

Here high enthron'd th' eternal Judge is plac'd,
With all the grandeur of his godhead grac'd;
Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
And the sun burns beneath his awful feet.

Now an archangel eminently bright,
From off his silver staff of wond'rous height,
Unfurls the Christian flag, which waving flies,
And shuts and opens more than half the skies:
The Cross so strong a red, it sheds a stain,
Where'er it floats, on earth, and air, and main;
Flushes the hill, and sets on fire the wood,
And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.

Oh formidable GLORY! dreadful bright!
Refulgent torture to the guilty sight.
Ah turn, unwary Muse, nor dare reveal
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.

Say not, (to make the sun shrink in his beam)
 Dare not affirm, they wish it all a dream;
 Wish, or their souls may with their limbs decay,
 Or God be spoil'd of his eternal sway.

But rather, if thou know'st the means, unfold
 How they with transport might the scene behold.

Ah how! but by repentance, by a mind
 Quick, and severe its own offence to find?
 By tears, and groans, and never-ceasing care,
 And all the pious violence of pray'r?
 Thus then, with fervency till now unknown,
 I cast my heart before th' eternal throne,
 In this great temple, which the skies surround,
 For homage to its Lord, a narrow bound. (weigh,

„ O Thou! whose balance does the mountains
 „ Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey, (me,
 „ Whose breath can turn those watry worlds to fla-
 „ That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame;
 „ Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
 „ And on the boundless of thy goodness calls.

„ Oh! give the winds all past offence to sweep,
 „ To scatter wide, or bury in the deep:
 „ Thy pow'r, my weakness, may I ever see,
 „ And wholly dedicate my soul to thee:
 „ Reign o'er my will; my passions ebb and flow:
 „ At thy command, nor human motive know!
 „ If anger boil, let anger be my praise,
 „ And sin the graceful indignation raise.
 „ My love be warm to succour the distress'd,
 „ And lift the burden from the soul oppress'd.

- „ Oh may my understanding ever read
„ This glorious volume, which thy wisdom made!
„ Who decks the maiden Spring with flow'ry pride?
„ Who calls forth Summer, like a sparkling bride?
„ Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown?
„ And bids old Winter lay her honours down?
„ Not the great OTTOMAN, or greater CZAR,
„ Not Europe's arbitress of peace and war.
„ May sea and land, and earth and heav'n be join'd,
„ To bring th' Eternal Author to my mind!
„ When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll, (soul!
„ May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake my
„ When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
„ Adore, my heart, the MAJESTY divine!
„ Thro' ev'ry scene of life, or peace, or war,
„ Plenty, or want, thy glory be my care!
„ Shine we in arms? or sing beneath our vine?
„ Thine is the vintage, and the conquest thine:
„ Thy pleasure points the shaft, and bends the bow;
„ The cluster blasts, or bids it brightly glow:
„ 'Tis thou that lead'st our pow'rful armies forth,
„ And giv'st great ANNE thy sceptre o'er the north.
„ Grant I may ever, at the morning-ray,
„ Open with pray'r the consecrated day;
„ Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
„ And with the mounting sun ascend the skies:
„ As that advances, let my zeal improve,
„ And glow with ardour of consummate love;
„ Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun
„ My endless worship shall be still begun.

„ And, oh ! permit the gloom of solemn night
 „ To sacred thought may forcibly invite.
 „ When this world's shut, and awful planets rise,
 „ Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies;
 „ Compose our souls with a less dazzling light,
 „ And shew all nature in a milder light;
 „ How ev'ry boist'rous thought in calms subsides!
 „ How the smooth'd spirit into goodness glides!
 „ O how divine ! to tread the milky way,
 „ To the bright palace of the Lord of day;
 „ His court admire, or for his favour sue,
 „ Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew;
 „ Pleas'd to look down, and see the world asleep,
 „ While I long vigils to its founder keep!
 „ Can'st thou not shake the centre? Oh controul,
 „ Subdue by force, the rebel in my soul:
 „ Thou, who canst still the raging of the flood,
 „ Restrain the various tumults of my blood;
 „ Teach me, with equal firmness, to sustain
 „ Alluring pleasure, and assaulding pain.
 „ O may I pant for thee in each desire!
 „ And with strong faith foment the holy fire!
 „ Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize,
 „ Which in eternity's deep bosom lies!
 „ At the great Day of recompence behold,
 „ Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold!
 „ Then wafted upward to the blissful seat,
 „ From age to age, my grateful song repeat;
 „ My Light, my Life, my GOD, my Saviour see,
 „ And rival angels in the praise of THEE. „

THE

LAST DAY.

BOOK III.

*Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur, affore tempus,
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cæli
Ardeat; & mundi moles operosa laboret.*

OVID. MET.

THE book unfolding; the resplendent seat
Of saints and angels; the tremendous fate
Of guilty souls; the gloomy realms of woe;
And all the horrors of the world below;
I next presume to sing: What yet remains
Demands my last, but most exalted strains.
And let the Muse or now affect the sky,
Or in inglorious shades for ever lie.
She kindles, she's inflam'd so near the goal;
She mounts, she gains upon the starry pole;
The world grows less as she pursues her flight,
And the sun darkens to her distant sight.

Heav'n op'ning, all its sacred pomp displays ;
 And overwhelms her with the rushing blaze !
 The triumph rings ! archangels shout around !
 And echoing nature lengthens out the sound !

Ten thousand trumpets now at once advance ;
 Now deepest silence lulls the vast expanse :
 So deep the silence, and so strong the blast,
 As nature dy'd, when she had groan'd her last.
 Nor man, nor angel, moves; the Judge on high
 Looks round, and with his glory fills the sky :
 Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,
 Which high to view supporting seraphs raise ;
 In solemn form the rituals are prepar'd,
 The seal is broken, and a groan is heard.
 And thou, my soul, (oh fall to sudden pray'r,
 And let the thought sink deep !) shalt thou be there ?
 See on the left (for by the great command
 The throng divided falls on either hand ;)
 How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obscene !
 What more than death in ev'ry face and mien !
 With what distress, and glarings of affright,
 They shock the heart, and turn away the sight !
 In gloomy orbs their trembling eye-balls roll,
 And tell the horrid secrets of the soul.
 Each gesture mourns, each look is black with care,
 And ev'ry groan is loaden with despair.
 Reader, if guilty, spare the Muse, and find
 A truer image pictur'd in thy mind.

Should'st thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
 And all the soft companions of thy life,

Whose blended int'rests levell'd at one aim,
Whose mix'd desires sent up one common flame,
Divided far; thy wretched self alone
Cast on the left, of all whom thou hast known;
How would it wound? What millions would'st thou
For one more trial, one more day to live? (give
Flung back in time an hour, a moment's space,
To grasp with eagerness the means of grace;
Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
And in that moment to redeem an age?
Drive back the tide, suspend a storm in air,
Arrest the sun; but still of this despair.

Mark, on the right, how amiable a grace!
Their Maker's image fresh in ev'ry face!
What purple bloom my ravish'd soul admires,
And their eyes sparkling with immortal fires!
Triumphant beauty! charms that rise above
This world, and in blest angels kindle love!
To the Great Judge with holy pride they turn,
And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn;
Its flash sustain, against its terror rise,
And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.

Are these the forms that moulder'd in the dust?
Oh the transcendent glory of the just!
Yet still some thin remains of fear and doubt
Th' infected brightness of their joy pollute.

Thus the chaste bridegroom, when the priest draws
Beholds his blessing with a trembling eye, (nigh,
Feels doubtful passions throb in ev'ry vein,
And in his cheeks are mingled joy and pain;

Left still some intervening chance should rise ,
 Leap forth at once , and snatch the golden prize ;
 Inflame his woe , by bringing it so late ,
 And stab him in the crisis of his fate.

Since ADAM's family , from first to last ,
 Now into one distinct survey is cast ;
 Look round, vain-glorious Muse, and you whoe'er
 Devote yourselves to fame , and think her fair ;
 Look round , and seek the lights of human race ,
 Whose shining acts time's brightest annals grace ;
 Who founded sects ; crowns conquer'd, or resign'd ;
 Gave names to nations ; or fam'd empires join'd ;
 Who rais'd the vale , and laid the mountain low ;
 And taught obedient rivers where to flow ;
 Who with vast fleets , as with a mighty chain ,
 Could bind the madness of the roaring main :
 All lost ! all undistinguish'd ! no-where found !
 How will this truth in BOURBON's palace sound ?

That hour , on which th' Almighty King on
 A high throne sits , and all his works behold
 From all eternity has fix'd his eye ,
 Whether his right hand favour'd , or annoy'd ,
 Continu'd , alter'd , threaten'd , or destroy'd ;
 Southern or eastern sceptre downward hurl'd ,
 Gave north or west dominion o'er the world ;
 The point of time , for which the world was built ,
 For which the blood of God himself was spilt ,
 That dreadful moment is arriv'd.

Aloft , the seats of bliss their pomp display
 Brighter than brightness , this distinguish'd day ;

Less glorious, when of old th' Eternal Son
 From realms of night return'd with trophies won:
 Thro' heav'n's high gates, when he triumphant
 rode,

And shouting angels hail'd the victor God.
 Horrors beneath, darkness in darkness, hell
 Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell;
 A furnace formidable, deep, and wide,
 O'er-boiling with a mad sulphureous tide,
 Expands its jaws, most dreadful to survey,
 And roars outrageous for the destin'd prey.
 The sons of light scarce unappall'd look down,
 And nearer press heav'n's everlasting throne.

Such is the scene; and one short moment's space
 Concludes the hopes and fears of human race.
 Proceed who dares!—I tremble as I write;
 The whole creation swims before my sight:
 I see, I see, the Judge's frowning brow;
 Say not, 'tis distant; I behold it now;
 I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow;
 My soul recoils at the stupendous woe; (breast,
 That woe, those pangs, which from the guilty
 In these, or words like these, shall be express'd.

“ Who burst the barriers of my peaceful grave?
 ” Ah! cruel death, that would no longer save,
 ” But grudg'd me e'en that narrow dark abode,
 ” And cast me out into the wrath of God;
 ” Where shrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling
 ” chain,
 ” And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,

- „ Our only song; black fire's malignant light,
 „ The sole refreshment of the blasted sight.
 „ Must all those pow'rs, heav'n gave me to supply
 „ My soul with pleasure, and bring in my joy,
 „ Rise up in arms against me, join the foe,
 „ Sense, reason, memory, increase my woe?
 „ And shall my voice, ordain'd on hymns to
 „ dwell,
 „ Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell?
 „ Oh! must I look with terror on my gain,
 „ And with existence only measure pain?
 „ What! no reprieve, no least indulgence giv'n,
 „ No beam of hope, from any point of heav'n!
 „ Ah mercy! mercy! art thou dead above?
 „ Is love extinguish'd in the source of love?
 „ Bold that I am, did heav'n stoop down to hell?
 „ Th' expiring Lord of life my ransom seal?
 „ Have I not been industrious to provoke?
 „ From his embraces obstinately broke?
 „ Pursu'd, and panted for his mortal hate,
 „ Earn'd my destruction, labour'd out my fate?
 „ And dare I on extinguish'd love exclaim?
 „ Take, take full vengeance, rouse the slack'ning
 „ Just is my lot—but oh! must it transcend (flame;
 „ The reach of time, despair a distant end?
 „ With dreadful growth shoot forward, and arise,
 „ Where thought can't follow, and bold fancy dies!
 „ NEVER! where falls the soul at that dread
 „ sound?
 „ Down an abyss how dark, and how profound?

- „ Down , down , (I still am falling , horrid pain !)
„ Ten thousand thousand fathoms still remain ;
„ My plunge but still begun – And this for sin ?
„ Could I offend , if I had never been ,
„ But still increas'd the senseless happy mass ,
„ Flow'd in the stream , or shiver'd in the grass ?
„ Father of mercies ! why from silent earth
„ Did'st thou awake , and curse me into birth ?
„ Tear me from quiet , ravish me from night ,
„ And make a thankless present of thy light ?
„ Push into being a reverse of thee ,
„ And animate a clod with misery ? (keep
„ The beasts are happy ; they come forth , and
„ Short watch on earth , and then lie down to sleep.
„ Pain is for man ; and oh ! how vast a pain
„ For crimes , which made the Godhead bleed
„ in vain ?
„ Annull'd his groans , as far as in them lay ,
„ And flung his agonies , and death , away ?
„ As our dire punishment for ever strong ,
„ Our constitution too for ever young.
„ Curs'd with returns of vigour , still the same
„ Pow'rful to bear , and satisfy the flame :
„ Still to be caught , and still to be pursu'd !
„ To perish still , and still to be renew'd !
„ And this , my Help ! my God ! at thy decree ?
„ Nature is chang'd , and hell should succour me.
„ And can'st thou then look down from perfect
„ blifs ,
„ And see me plunging in the dark abyss ?

- ” Calling thee Father, in a sea of fire ?
- ” Or pouring blasphemies at thy desire ?
- ” With mortals anguish wilt thou raise thy name,
- ” And by my pangs omnipotence proclaim ?
- ” Thou, who canst toss the planets to and fro,
- ” Contract not thy great vengeance to my woe ;
- ” Crush worlds ; in hotter flames fall’n angels lay ;
- ” On me Almighty wrath is cast away.
- ” Call back thy thunders, Lord, hold in thy rage,
- ” Nor with a speck of wretchedness engage :
- ” Forget me quite, nor stoop a worm to blame ;
- ” But lose me in the greatness of thy name.
- ” Thou art all love, all mercy, all divine,
- ” And shall I make those glories cease to shine ?
- ” Shall sinful man grow great by his offence,
- ” And from its course turn back Omnipotence ?
- ” Forbid it ! and oh ! grant, great God, at least
- ” This one, this slender, almost no request ;
- ” When I have wept a thousand lives away,
- ” When torment is grown weary of its prey,
- ” When I have rav’d ten thousand years in fire,
- ” Ten thousand thousand, let me then expire ”.

Deep anguish ! but too late ; the hopeless soul
 Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
 Though loth, and ever loud blaspheming, owns
 He’s justly doom’d to pour eternal groans ;
 Enclos’d with horrors, and transfix’d with pain,
 Rolling in vengeance, struggling with his chain :
 To talk to fiery tempests ; to implore
 The raging flame to give its burnings o’er ;

To tofs , to writhe , to pant beneath his load,
And bear the weight of an offended GOD.

The favour'd of their Judge , in triumph move
To take possession of their thrones above ;
Satan's accurs'd desertion to supply ,
And fill the vacant stations of the sky ;
Again to kindle long extinguish'd rays ,
And with new lights dilate the heav'nly blaze ;
To crop the roses of immortal youth ,
And drink the fountain-head of sacred truth ;
To swim in seas of bliss , to strike the string ,
And lift the voice to their Almighty KING ;
To lose eternity in grateful lays ,
And fill heav'n's wide circumference with praise.

But I attempt the wond'rous height in vain ,
And leave unfinish'd the too lofty strain :
What boldly I begin , let others end ;
My strength exhausted , fainting I descend ,
And chuse a less , but no ignoble , theme ,
Dissolving elements , and worlds in flame.

The fatal period , the great hour , is come ,
And nature shrinks at her approaching doom ;
Loud peals of thunder give the sign , and all
Heav'n's terrors in array surround the ball ;
Sharp lightnings with the meteors blaze conspire ,
And , darted downward , set the world on fire ;
Black rising clouds the thicken'd æther choke ,
And spiry flames dart through the rolling smoke ,
With keen vibrations cut the sullen night ,
And strike the darken'd sky with dreadful light ;

From heav'n's four regions, with immortal force,
 Angels drive on the wind's impetuous course,
 T'enrage the flame : it spreads , it soars on high ,
 Swells in the storm , and billows through the sky :
 Here winding pyramids of fire ascend ,
 Cities and desarts in one ruin blend ;
 Here blazing volumes wafted , overwhelm
 The spacious face of a far distant realm ;
 There , undermin'd , down rush eternal hills ,
 The neighb'ring vales the vast destruction fills.

Hear'st thou that dreadful crack ? that sound
 which broke

Like peals of thunder , and the centre shook ?
 What wonders must that groan of nature tell ?
 Olympus there , and mightier Atlas , fell ;
 Which seem'd above the reach of fate to stand ,
 A tow'ring monument of God's right hand ;
 Now dust and smoke , whose brow , so lately ,
 spread ,

O'er shelter'd countries its diffusive shade.

Shew me that celebrated spot , where all
 The various rulers of the sever'd ball
 Have humbly fought wealth , honour , and redress ,
 That land which heav'n seem'd diligent to bless ,
 Once call'd Britannia : can her glories end ?
 And can't surrounding seas her realms defend ?
 Alas ! in flames behold surrounding seas !
 Like oil , their waters but augment the blaze.

Some angel say , where ran proud Asia's bound ?
 Or where with fruits was fair Europa crown'd ?

Where stretch'd waste Lybia? where did India's
store

Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden ore?
Each lost in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
And all dissolv'd, one fiery deluge flow:
Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
And a full period of ambition find.

And now whate'er or swims, or walks, or flies,
Inhabitants of sea, or earth, or skies;
All on whom ADAM's wisdom fix'd a name,
All plunge, and perish in the conqu'ring flame.

This globe alone would but defraud the fire,
Starve its devouring rage: the flakes aspire,
And catch the clouds, and make the heav'ns their
prey;

The sun, the moon, the stars, all melt away;
All, all is lost; no monument, no sign,
Where once so proudly blaz'd the gay machine.
So bubbles on the foaming stream expire,
So sparks that scatter from the kindling fire;
The devastations of one dreadful hour
The great Creator's six days work devour.
A mighty, mighty ruin! yet one soul
Has more to boast, and far outweighs the whole;
Exalted in superior excellence,
Casts down to nothing such a vast expence.
Have you not seen th' eternal mountains nod,
An earth dissolving, a descending God?
What strange surprizes through all nature ran?
For whom these revolutions, but for man?

For him, Omnipotence new measures takes,
 For him, through all eternity, awakes;
 Pours on him gifts sufficient to supply
 Heav'n's loss, and with fresh glories fill the sky.

Think deeply then, O man, how great thou art;
 Pay thyself homage with a trembling heart;
 What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
 Slighting thyself, affront not God's respect.
 Enter the sacred temple of thy breast,
 And gaze, and wander there, a ravish'd guest;
 Gaze on those hidden treasures thou shalt find,
 Wander thro' all the glories of thy mind.
 Of perfect knowledge, see, the dawning light
 Foretels a noon most exquisitely bright!
 Here, springs of endless joy are breaking forth!
 There, buds the promise of celestial worth!
 Worth, which must ripen in a happier clime,
 And brighter sun, beyond the bounds of time.
 Thou, minor, canst not guess thy vast estate,
 What stores, on foreign coasts, thy landing wait:
 Lose not thy claim, let virtue's path be trod;
 Thus glad all heav'n, and please that bounteous
 GOD,

Who, to light thee to pleasures, hung on high
 Yon radiant orb, proud regent of the sky:
 That service done, its beams shall fade away,
 And GOD shine forth in one eternal day.

THE
FORCE OF RELIGION;
OR,
VANQUISH'D LOVE.

A
POEM.

IN TWO BOOKS.

Gratior & pulchro veniens in corpore virtus. VIRG.

1. The first part of the

document is a list of

names of the persons

who were present at the

meeting of the 15th of

the month of

the year

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THE
FORCE OF RELIGION;
OR,
VANQUISH'D LOVE.

BOOK I.

*— Ad cælum ardentia lumina tollens,
Lumina; nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas.*

VIRG.

FROM lofty themes, from thoughts that soar'd
on high,

And open'd wond'rous scenes above the sky,
My Muse descend: indulge my fond desire;
With softer thoughts my melting soul inspire,
And smooth my numbers to a female's praise:
A partial world will listen to my lays,
While ANNA reigns, and sets a female name
Unrival'd in the glorious lists of fame.

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Hear, ye fair daughters of this happy land,
Whose radiant eyes the vanquish'd world com-
mand,

Virtue is beauty : but when charms of mind
With elegance of outward form are join'd ;
When youth makes such bright objects still more
bright,

And fortune sets them in the strongest light ;
'Tis all of heav'n that we below may view,
And all, but adoration, is your due.

Fam'd female virtue did this isle adorn,
Ere ORMOND, or her glorious queen, was born :
When now MARIA's pow'rful arms prevail'd,
And haughty DUDLEY's bold ambition fail'd,
The beauteous daughter of great SUFFOLK's race,
In blooming youth adorn'd with ev'ry grace ;
Who gain'd a crown by treason not her own,
And innocently fill'd another's throne ;
Hurl'd from the summit of imperial state,
With equal mind sustain'd the stroke of fate.

But how will GUILFORD, her far dearer part,
With manly reason fortify his heart ?
At once she longs, and is afraid, to know :
Now swift she moves, and now advances slow,
To find her lord ; and, finding, passes by,
Silent with fear, nor dares she meet his eye ;
Lest that, unask'd, in speechless grief, disclose
The mournful secret of his inward woes.
Thus, after sickness, doubtful of her face,
The melancholy virgin shuns the glass.

At length, with troubled thought, but look
serene,

And sorrow soften'd by her heav'nly mien,
She clasps her lord, brave, beautiful, and young,
While tender accents melt upon her tongue;
Gentle, and sweet, as vernal Zephyr blows,
Fanning the lily, or the blooming rose.

„ Grieve not, my lord; a crown indeed is lost;
„ What far outshines a crown, we still may boast;
„ A mind compos'd; a mind that can disdain
„ A fruitless sorrow for a loss so vain.
„ Nothing is loss that virtue can improve
„ To wealth eternal; and return above;
„ Above, where no distinction shall be known
„ 'Twixt him whom storms have shaken from a
„ throne;
„ And him, who, basking in the smiles of fate,
„ Shone forth in all the splendor of the great:
„ Nor can I find the difference here below;
„ I lately was a queen; I still am so,
„ While GUILFORD's wife: thee rather I obey,
„ Than o'er mankind extend imperial sway.
„ When we lie down in some obscure retreat,
„ Incens'd MARIA may her rage forget;
„ And I to death my duty will improve,
„ And what you miss in empire, add in love—
„ Your godlike soul is open'd in your look,
„ And I have faintly your great meaning spoke.
„ For this alone I'm pleas'd I wore the crown;
„ To find with what content we lay it down.

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« Heroes may win, but 'tis a heav'nly race
» Can quit a throne with a becoming grace ».

Thus spoke the fairest of her sex, and cheer'd
Her drooping lord; whose boding bosom fear'd
A darker cloud of ills would burst, and shed
Severer vengeance on her guiltless head:
Too just, alas, the terrors which he felt!
For, lo! a guard!—Forgive him, if he melt—
How sharp her pangs, when sever'd from his side,
The most sincerely lov'd, and loving bride,
In space confin'd, the Muse forbears to tell;
Deep was her anguish, but she bore it well.
His pain was equal, but his virtue less;
He thought in grief there could be no excess.
Pensive he sat o'ercast with gloomy care,
And often fondly clasp'd his absent fair;
Now, silent, wander'd through his rooms of state,
And sicken'd at the pomp, and tax'd his fate;
Which thus adorn'd, in all her shining store,
A splendid wretch, magnificently poor.
Now on the bridal bed his eyes were cast,
And anguish fed on his enjoyments past;
Each recollected pleasure made him smart,
And ev'ry transport stabb'd him to the heart.

That happy moon, which summon'd to delight,
That moon which shone on his dear nuptial night,
Which saw him fold her yet untasted charms
(Deny'd to princes) in his longing arms;
Now sees the transient blessing fleet away,
Empire and love! the vision of a day.

Thus in the British clime, a summer-storm
Will oft the smiling face of heav'n deform;
The winds with violence at once descend,
Sweep flow'rs and fruits, and make the forest bend;
A sudden winter, while the sun is near,
O'ercomes the season, and inverts the year.

But whither is the captive borne away,
The beauteous captive, from the chearful day?
The scene is chang'd indeed; before her eyes
Ill-boding looks and unknown horrors rise:
For pomp and splendor, for her guard and crown,
A gloomy dungeon, and a keeper's frown:
Black thoughts, each morn, invade the lover's breast,
Each night, a ruffian locks the queen to rest.

Al! mournful change, if judg'd by vulgar minds!
But SUFFOLK's daughter its advantage finds.
Religion's force divine is best display'd:
In deep desertion of all human aid:
To succour in extremes, is her delight,
And chear the heart, when terror strikes the sight.
We, disbelieving our own senses, gaze,
And wonder what a mortal's heart can raise
To triumph o'er misfortunes, smile in grief,
And comfort those who come to bring relief:
We gaze; and as we gaze, wealth, fame, decay,
And all the world's vain glories fade away.

Against her cares she rais'd a dauntless mind,
And with an ardent heart, but most resign'd,
Deep in the dreadful gloom, with pious heat,
Amid the silence of her dark retreat,

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Address'd her God—"Almighty Pow'r Divine!

" 'Tis thine to raise, and to depress is thine;

" With honour to light up the name unknown,

" Or to put out the lustre of a throne.

" In my short span both fortunes I have prov'd,

" And though with ill frail nature will be mov'd,

" I'll bear it well: (O strengthen me to bear!)

" And if my piety may claim thy care;

" If I remember'd, in youth's giddy heat,

" And tumult of a court, a future state;

" O favour, when thy mercy I implore

" For one who never guilty sceptre bore!

" 'Twas I receiv'd the crown; my lord is free;

" If it must fall, let vengeance fall on me.

" Let him survive, his country's name to raise,

" And in a guilty land to speak thy praise!

" O may th' indulgence of a father's love,

" Pour'd forth on me, be doubled from above!

" If these are safe, I'll think my pray'rs succeed,

" And bless thy tender mercies, whilst I bleed".

'Twas now the mournful eve before that day

In which the queen to her full wrath gave way;

Thro' rigid justice, rush'd into offence,

And drank in zeal the blood of innocence:

The sun went down in clouds, and seem'd to mourn

The sad necessity of his return;

The hollow wind, and melancholy rain,

Or did, or was imagin'd to, complain:

The tapers cast an inauspicious light;

Stars there were none, and doubly dark the night.

Sweet

Sweet innocence in chains can take her rest ;
Soft slumber gently creeping through her breast ,
She sinks ; and in her sleep is re-inthron'd ,
Mock'd by a gaudy dream , and vainly crown'd .
She views her fleets and armies , seas and land ,
And stretches wide her shadow of command :
With royal purple is her vision hung ;
By phantom hosts are shouts of conquest rung ;
Low at her feet the suppliant rival lies ;
Our prisoner mourns her fate , and bids her rise .

Now level beams upon the waters play'd ,
Glanc'd on the hills , and westward cast the shade ;
The busy trades in city had began
To sound , and speak the painful life of man .
In tyrants breasts the thoughts of vengeance rouse ,
And the fond bridegroom turns him to his spouse .
At this first birth of light , while morning breaks ,
Our spouseless bride , our widow'd wife , awakes ;
Awakes , and smiles ; nor night's imposture blames ;
Her real pomps were little more than dreams ;
A short-liv'd blaze , a light'ning quickly o'er ,
That dy'd in birth , that shone , and were no more :
She turns her side , and soon resumes a state
Of mind , well suited to her alter'd fate ,
Serene , though serious ; when dread tidings come
(Ah wretched GUILFORD !) of her instant doom .
Sun , hide thy beams ; in clouds as black as night
Thy face involve ; be guiltless of the sight ;
Or haste more swiftly to the western main :
Nor let her blood the conscious day-light stain !

Oh ! how severe ! to fall so new a bride ,
 Yet blushing from the priest , in youthful pride ;
 When time had just matur'd each perfect grace ,
 And open'd all the wonders of her face !
 To leave her GUILFORD dead to all relief ,
 Fond of his woe , and obstinate in grief.
 Unhappy fair ! whatever fancy drew ,
 (Vain promis'd blessings) vanish from her view ;
 No train of chearful days , endearing nights ,
 No sweet domestic joys , and chaste delights ;
 Pleasures that blossom e'en from doubts and fears ;
 And bliss and rapture rising out of cares :
 No little GUILFORD , with paternal grace ,
 Lull'd on her knee , or smiling in her face ;
 Who , when her dearest father shall return ,
 From pouring tears on her untimely urn ,
 Might comfort to his silver hairs impart ,
 And fill her place in his indulgent heart :
 As where fruits fall , quick-rising blossoms smile ,
 And the blest'd Indian of his care beguile .

In vain these various reasons jointly press ,
 To blacken death , and heighthen her distress ;
 She , through th' encircling terrors , darts her sight
 To the blest'd regions of eternal light ,
 And fills her soul with peace : to weeping friends
 Her father , and her lord , she recommends ;
 Unmov'd herself : her foes her air survey ,
 And rage to see their malice thrown away .
 She soars ; now nought on earth detains her care—
 But GUILFORD ; who still struggles for his share .

Still will his form importunately rise,
Clog and retard her transport to the skies;
As trembling flames now take a feeble flight,
Now catch the brand with a returning light,
Thus her soul onward from the seats above,
Falls fondly back, and kindles into love:
At length she conquers in the doubtful field;
That heav'n she seeks will be her GUILFORD'S
shield.

Now death is welcome; his approach is slow;
'Tis tedious longer to expect the blow.

Oh! mortals, short of sight, who think the past
O'erblown misfortune still shall prove the last:
Alas! misfortunes travel in a train,
And oft in life form one perpetual chain;
Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,
'Till life and sorrow meet one common end.

She thinks that she has nought but death to
fear,

And death is conquer'd. Worse than death is near:
Her rigid trials are not yet complete;
The news arrives of her great father's fate.
She sees his hoary head, all white with age,
A victim to th' offended monarch's rage.
How great the mercy, had she breath'd her last,
Ere the dire sentence on her father past!

A fonder parent nature never knew;
And as his age increas'd, his fondness grew.
A parent's love ne'er better was bestow'd;
The pious daughter in her heart o'erflow'd.

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And can she from all weakness still refrain?
And still the firmness of her soul maintain?
Impossible! a sigh will force its way;
One patient tear her mortal birth betray;
She sighs and weeps! but so she weeps and sighs;
As silent dews descend, and vapours rise.

Celestial patience! how dost thou defeat
The foe's proud menace, and elude his hate?
While passion takes his part, betrays our peace;
To death and torture swells each slight disgrace;
By not opposing, thou dost ills destroy,
And wear thy conquer'd sorrows into joy.

Now she revolves within her anxious mind,
What woe still lingers in reserve behind.
Griefs rise on griefs, and she can see no bound,
While nature lasts, and can receive a wound.
The sword is drawn; the queen to rage inclin'd,
By mercy, nor by piety, confin'd.
What mercy can the zealot's heart assuage,
Whose piety itself converts to rage?
She thought, and sigh'd. And now the blood began
To leave her beauteous cheek all cold and wan.
Now sorrow dimm'd the lustre of her eye,
And on her cheek the fading roses die.
Alas! should GUILFORD too — When now she's
brought
To that dire view, that precipice of thought,
While there she trembling stands, nor dares look
down,
Nor can recede, till heav'n's decrees are known;

Cure of all ills, till now, her lord appears—
But not to chear her heart, and dry her tears:
Not now, as usual, like the rising day,
To chase the shadows, and the damps away:
But, like a gloomy storm, at once to sweep
And plunge her to the bottom of the deep.
Black were his robes, dejected was his air,
His voice was frozen by his cold despair;
Slow, like a ghost, he mov'd with solemn pace;
A dying paleness sat upon his face.
Back she recoil'd, she smote her lovely breast,
Her eyes the anguish of her heart confess'd;
Struck to the soul, she stagger'd with the wound,
And sunk, a breathless image, to the ground.

Thus the fair lily, when the sky's o'ercast,
At first but shudders in the feeble blast;
But when the winds and weighty rains descend,
The fair and upright stem is forc'd to bend;
Till broke at length, its snowy leaves are shed,
And strew with dying sweets their native bed.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF
HIS MOST EXCELLENT
MAYESTY KING CHARLES THE FIRST

BY
JAMES HALLAM, ESQ.
OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, ESQ.

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THE
FORCE OF RELIGION;
OR,
VANQUISH'D LOVE.

BOOK II.

Hic pietatis honos? sic nos in scepra reponis?

VIRG.

HER GUILFORD clasps her, beautiful in death,
And with a kiss recalls her fleeting breath.
To tapers thus, which by a blast expire,
A lighted taper, touch'd, restores the fire:
She rear'd her swimming eye, and saw the light,
And GUILFORD too, or she had loath'd the sight:
Her father's death she bore, despis'd her own,
But now she must, she will, have leave to groan:
Ah! GUILFORD, she began, and would have spoke;
But sobs rush'd in, and ev'ry accent broke:

200 The FORCE of RELIGION; Or,
Reason itself, as gusts of passion blew,
Was ruffled in the tempest, and withdrew.

So the youth lost his image in the well,
When tears upon the yielding surface fell:
The scatter'd features slid into decay,
And spreading circles drove his face away.

To touch the soft affections, and controul
The manly temper of the bravest soul,
What with afflicted beauty can compare,
And drops of love distilling from the fair?
It melts us down; our pains delight bestow;
And we with fondness languish o'er our woe.

This GUILFORD prov'd; and, with excess of
pain,

And pleasure too, did to his bosom strain
The weeping fair: sunk deep in soft desire,
Indulg'd his love, and nurs'd the raging fire:
Then tore himself away; and, standing wide,
As fearing a relapse of fondness, cry'd,
With ill-dissembled grief; "My life, forbear!
" You wound your GUILFORD with each cruel
" tear:

" Did you not chide my grief? Repress your own;
" Nor want compassion for yourself alone.
" Have you beheld, how, from the distant main,
" The thronging waves roll on, a num'rous train,
" And foam, and bellow, till they reach the shore;
" There burst their noisy pride, and are no more?
" Thus the successive flows of human race,
" Chas'd by the coming, the preceding chase;

„ They found, and swell, their haughty heads they
 „ rear;
 „ Then fall, and flatten, break, and disappear.
 „ Life is a forfeit we must shortly pay;
 „ And where's the mighty lucre of a day?
 „ Why should you mourn my fate? 'Tis most un-
 „ kind;
 „ Your own you bore with an unshaken mind:
 „ And which, can you imagine, was the dart
 „ That drank most blood, sunk deepest in my heart?
 „ I cannot live without you; and my doom
 „ I meet with joy, to share one common tomb.—
 „ And are again your tears profusely spilt!
 „ Oh! then, my kindness blackens to my guilt;
 „ It foils itself, if it recall your pain;—
 „ Life of my life, I beg you to refrain!
 „ The load which fate imposes, you increase;
 „ And help MARIA to destroy my peace”.

But, oh! against himself his labour turn'd;
 The more he comforted, the more she mourn'd.
 Compassion swells our grief; words soft and kind
 But sooth our weakness, and dissolve the mind.
 Her sorrow flow'd in streams; nor her's alone,
 While that he blam'd, he yielded to his own.
 Where are the smiles she wore, when she, so late,
 Hail'd him great partner of the regal state;
 When orient gems around her temples blaz'd,
 And bending nations on the glory gaz'd?

'Tis now the queen's command, they both retreat,
 To weep with dignity, and mourn in state:

She forms the decent misery with joy,
 And loads with pomp the wretch she would destroy.
 A spacious hall is hung with black; all light
 Shut out, and noon-day darken'd into night.
 From the mid-roof a lamp depends on high,
 Like a dim crescent in a clouded sky:
 It sheds a quiv'ring melancholy gloom,
 Which only shews the darkness of the room.

A shining ax is on the table laid;
 A dreadful sight! and glitters through the shade.

In this sad scene the lovers are confin'd;
 A scene of terrors, to a guilty mind!
 A scene, that would have damp'd with rising cares,
 And quite extinguish'd, ev'ry love but theirs.

What can they do? They fix their mournful eyes—
 Then GUILFORD, thus abruptly; “I despise

„ An empire lost; I fling away the crown;
 „ Numbers have laid that bright delusion down;
 „ But where's the CHARLES, or DIOCLETIAN where,
 „ Could quit the blooming, wedded, weeping fair?
 „ Oh! to dwell ever on thy lip! to stand
 „ In full possession of thy snowy hand!
 „ And, thro' th' unclouded crystal of thine eye,
 „ The heav'nly treasures of thy mind to spy!
 „ Till rapture reason happily destroys,
 „ And my soul wanders through immortal joys!
 „ Give me the world, and ask me, where's my bliss?
 „ I clasp thee to my breast, and answer, this.
 „ And shall the grave”—He groans, and can no
 But all her charms in silence traces o'er; (more;

Her lip, her cheek, and eye, to wonder wrought;
And, wond'ring, sees, in sad presaging thought,
From that fair neck, that world of beauty fall,
And roll along the dust, a ghastly ball!

Oh! let those tremble, who are greatly blest'd!
For who, but GUILFORD, could be thus distress'd?
Come hither, all you happy, all you great,
From flow'ry meadows, and from rooms of state;
Nor think I call, your pleasures to destroy,
But to refine, and to exalt your joy:
Weep not; but, smiling, fix your ardent care
On nobler titles than the brave or fair.

Was ever such a mournful, moving, sight?
See, if you can, by that dull, trembling, light:
Now they embrace; and, mix'd with bitter woe,
Like Isis and her Thames, one stream they flow:
Now they start wide; fix'd in benumbing care,
They stiffen into statues of despair:
Now, tenderly severe, and fiercely kind,
They rush at once; they fling their cares behind,
And clasp, as if to death; new vows repeat;
And, quite wrapp'd up in love, forget their fate.
A short delusion! for the raging pain
Returns; and their poor hearts must bleed again.

Mean time, the Queen new cruelty decreed;
But, ill content that they should only bleed,
A priest is sent; who, with insidious art,
Instills his poison into SUFFOLK's heart;
And GUILFORD drank it: hanging on the breast,
He from his childhood was with Rome possess.

When now the ministers of death draw nigh ;
And in her dearest lord she first must die.

The subtle priest , who long had watch'd to find
The most unguarded passes of her mind ,
Bespoke her thus : “ Grieve not ; 'tis in your pow'r
» Your lord to rescue from this fatal hour ».

Her bosom pants ; she draws her breath with
pain ;

A sudden horror thrills through ev'ry vein ;
Life seems suspended , on his words intent ;
And her soul trembles for the great event.

The priest proceeds : “ Embrace the faith of Rome ,
» And ward your own , your lord's , and father's
» doom ».

Ye blessed spirits ! now your charge sustain ;
The past was ease ; now first she suffers pain.
Must she pronounce her father's death ? must she
Bid GUILFORD bleed ? — It must not , cannot , be.
It cannot be ! But 'tis Christian's praise ,
Above impossibilities to raise
The weakness of our nature ; and deride
Of vain philosophy the boasted pride.
What though our feeble sinews scarce impart
A moment's swiftness to the feather'd dart ;
Though tainted air our vig'rous youth can break ,
And a chill blast the hardy warrior shake ,
Yet are we strong : hear the loud tempest roar
From east to west , and call us weak no more ;
The light'ning's unresisted force proclaims
Our might ; and thunders raise our humble names ;

'Tis our JEHOVAH fills the heav'ns, as long
As he shall reign Almighty, we are strong:
We, by devotion, borrow from his throne;
And almost make Omnipotence our own:
We force the gates of heav'n, by fervent pray'r;
And call forth triumph out of man's despair.

Our lovely mourner, kneeling, lifts her eyes
And bleeding heart, in silence, to the skies,
Devoutly sad—Then, bright'ning, like the day,
When sudden winds sweep scatter'd clouds away,
Shining in majesty, till now unknown,
And breathing life and spirit scarce her own;
She, rising, speaks: "If these the terms —"

Here, GUILFORD, cruel GUILFORD, (barb'rous
Is this thy love?) as swift as light'ning ran; (man!
O'erwhelm'd her with tempestuous sorrow fraught,
And stifled, in its birth, the mighty thought;
Then bursting fresh into a flood of tears,
Fierce, resolute, delirious with his fears;
His fears for her alone: he beat his breast,
And thus the fervour of his soul exprest:

" Oh! let thy thought o'er our past converse rove,
" And shew one moment uninflam'd with love!
" Oh! if thy kindness can no longer last,
" In pity to thyself, forget the past!
" Else wilt thou never, void of shame and fear,
" Pronounce his doom, whom thou hast held so
" dear:

" Thou who hast took me to thy arms, and swore
" Empires were vile, and fate could give no more;

„ That to continue , was its utmost pow'r ,
 „ And make the future like the present hour.
 „ Now call a ruffian ; bid his cruel sword
 „ Lay wide the bosom of thy worthless lord ;
 „ Transfix his heart (since you its love disclaim)
 „ And stain his honour with a traitor's name.
 „ This might perhaps be borne without remorse ;
 „ But sure a father's pangs will have their force.
 „ Shall his good age , so near its journey's end ,
 „ Through cruel torment to the grave descend ?
 „ His shallow blood all issue at a wound ,
 „ Wash a slave's feet, and smother upon the ground ?
 „ But he to you has ever been severe ;
 „ Then take your vengeance „—SUFFOLK now
 drew near ;

Bending beneath the burden of his care ;
 His robes neglected , and his head was bare ;
 Decrepit winter , in the yearly ring ,
 Thus slowly creeps , to meet the blooming spring:
 Downward he cast a melancholy look ;
 Thrice turn'd , to hide his grief ; then faintly
 spoke ,

„ Now deep in years , and forward in decay ,
 „ That ax can only rob me of a day ;
 „ For thee , my soul's desire ! I can't refrain ;
 „ And shall my tears , my last tears , flow in vain ?
 „ When you shall know a mother's tender name ,
 „ My heart's distress no longer will you blame „.
 At this , afar his bursting groans were heard ;
 The tears ran trickling down his silver beard :

He snatch'd her hand, which to his lips he prest,
And bid her plant a dagger in his breast;
Then, sinking, call'd her piety unjust,
And soil'd his hoary temples in the dust.

Hard-hearted men! will you no mercy know?
Has the queen brib'd you to distress her foe?
O weak deserters to misfortune's part,
By false affection thus to pierce her heart!
When she had sour'd, to let your arrows fly,
And fetch her bleeding from the middle sky?
And can her virtue, springing from the ground,
Her flight recover, and disdain the wound,
When cleaving love, and human interest, bind
The broken force of her aspiring mind?
As round the gen'rous eagle, which in vain
Exerts her strength, the serpent wreaths his train,
Her struggling wings entangles, curling plies
His pois'nous tail, and stings her as she flies.

While yet the blow's first dreadful weight she
feels,
And with its force her resolution reels;
Large doors, unfolding with a mournful sound,
To view discover, welt'ring on the ground,
Three headless trunks, of those whose arms
maintain'd,
And in her wars immortal glory gain'd:
The lifted ax assur'd her ready doom,
And silent mourners sadden'd all the room.
Shall I proceed; or here break off my tale;
Nor truths, to stagger human faith, reveal?

She met this utmost malice of her fate
 With christian dignity, and pious state :
 The beating storm's propitious rage she blest,
 And all the martyr triumph'd in her breast :
 Her lord and father, for a moment's space,
 She strictly folded in her soft embrace ;
 Then thus she spoke, while angels heard on high,
 And sudden gladness smil'd along the sky :

“ Your over-fondness has not mov'd my hate ;
 ” I am well pleas'd you make my death so great ;
 ” I joy I cannot save you ; and have giv'n
 ” Two lives, much dearer than my own, to heav'n,
 ” If so the queen decrees * :—But I have cause
 ” To hope my blood will satisfy the laws ;
 ” And there is mercy still, for you, in store :
 ” With me the bitterness of death is o'er.
 ” He shot his sling in that farewell-embrace ;
 ” And all, that is to come, is joy and peace.
 ” Then let mistaken sorrow be suppress'd,
 ” Nor seem to envy my approaching rest ”.

Then, turning to the ministers of fate,
 She, smiling, says, “ My victory's complete :
 ” And tell your queen, I thank her for the blow,
 ” And grieve my gratitude I cannot show :
 ” A poor return I leave in England's crown,
 ” For everlasting pleasure, and renown :
 ” Her guilt alone allays this happy hour ;
 ” Her guilt,—the only vengeance in her pow'r ”.

Not Rome, untouch'd with sorrow, heard her
 And fierce MARIA pity'd her too late. (fate ;

* Here she embraces them.

A
PARAPHRASE
ON PART OF THE
BOOK OF JOB.

RECEIVED

1870

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PARAPHRASE
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BOOK OF JOB*.

THREE happy JOB ** long liv'd in regal state,
Nor saw the sumptuous East a prince so great;
Whose worldly stores in such abundance flow'd,
Whose heart with such exalted virtue glow'd.

* It is disputed amongst the critics who was the author of the Book of Job; some give it to Moses, some to others. As I was engaged in this little performance, some arguments occurred to me which favour the former of those opinions; which arguments I have flung into the following notes, where little else is to be expected.

** The Almighty's speech, chapter xxxviii, &c. which is what I paraphrase in this little work, is by much the finest part of the noblest and most ancient Poem in the world. Bishop Patrick says, its grandeur is as much above all other poetry, as thunder is louder than a whisper. In order to set this distinguished part of the poem in a fuller light, and give the reader a clearer conception of it, I have abridged the preceding and subsequent parts of the poem, and joined

At length misfortunes take their turn to reign;
 And ills on ills succeed ; a dreadful train !
 What now but deaths , and poverty , and wrong ,
 The sword wide-wasting , the reproachful tongue ,
 And spotted plagues , that mark'd his limbs all o'er
 So thick with pains , they wanted room for more ?
 A change so sad what mortal heart could bear ?
 Exhausted woe had left him nought to fear ;
 But gave him all to grief. Low earth he prest ,
 Wept in the dust , and sorely smote his breast.
 His friends around the deep affliction mourn'd ,
 Felt all his pangs , and groan for groan return'd ;
 In anguish of their hearts their mantles rent ,
 And sev'n long days in solemn silence spent ;

them to it ; so that this piece is a sort of an epitome of the whole Book of Job.

I use the word paraphrase , because I want another which might better answer to the uncommon liberties I have taken. I have omitted , added , and transposed. The mountain , the comet , the sun , and other parts , are entirely added : those upon the peacock , the lion , &c. are much enlarged ; and I have thrown the whole into a method more suitable to our notions of regularity. The judicious , if they compare this piece with the original , will , I flatter myself , find the reasons for the great liberties I have indulged myself in through the whole.

Longinus has a chapter on interrogations , which shews that they contribute much to the sublime. This speech of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogation seems indeed the proper style of majesty incensed. It differs from other manner of reproof , as bidding a person execute himself , does from a common execution ; for he that asks the guilty a proper question , makes him , in effect , pass sentence on himself.

A debt of rev'rence to distress so great!
Then JOB contain'd no more; but curs'd his fate:
His day of birth, its inauspicious light
He wishes sunk in shades of endless night,
And blotted from the year; nor fears to crave
Death, instant death; impatient for the grave,
That seat of bliss, that mansion of repose,
Where rest and mortals are no longer foes;
Where counsellors are hush'd, and mighty kings,
(O happy turn!) no more are wretched things.

His words were daring, and displeas'd his friends;
His conduct they reprove, and he defends;
And now they kindled into warm debate,
And sentiments oppos'd with equal heat;
Fix'd in opinion, both refuse to yield,
And summon all their reason to the field:
So high at length their arguments were wrought,
They reach'd the last extent of human thought:
A pause ensu'd.—When, lo! heav'n interpos'd,
And awfully the long contention clos'd.
Full o'er their heads, with terrible surprize,
A sudden whirlwind blacken'd all the skies:
(They saw, and trembled *!) From the darkness
broke

A dreadful voice, and thus th' Almighty spoke.

* The Book of Job is well known to be dramatic, and, like the tragedies of old Greece, is fiction built on truth. Probably this most noble part of it, the Almighty speaking out of the whirlwind (so suitable to the after-practice of the Greek stage, when there happened *dignus vindice nodus*) is

Who gives his tongue a loose so bold and vain,
 Censures my conduct, and reproves my reign?
 Lifts up his thoughts against me from the dust,
 And tells the world's Creator what is just?
 Of late so brave, now lift a dauntless eye,
 Face my demand, and give it a reply:
 Where didst thou dwell at nature's early birth?
 Who laid foundations for the spacious earth?
 Who on its surface did extend the line,
 Its form determine, and its bulk confine?
 Who fix'd the corner-stone? what hand, declare,
 Hung it on nought, and fasten'd it on air;
 When the bright morning-stars in concert sung,
 When heav'n's high arch with loud hosanna's rung;
 When shouting sons of God the triumph crown'd,
 And the wide concave thunder'd with the sound?
 Earth's num'rous kingdoms, hast thou view'd them
 all?

And can thy span of knowledge grasp the ball?
 Who heav'd the mountain, which sublimely stands,
 And casts its shadow into distant lands?

Who, stretching forth his sceptre o'er the deep,
 Can that wide world in due subjection keep?
 I broke the globe, I scoop'd its hollow'd side,
 And did a basin for the floods provide;

fictitious; but is a fiction more agreeable to the time in which
 Job lived, than to any since. Frequent before the Law were
 the appearances of the Almighty after this manner, Exod.
 c. xix. Ezek. c. i. &c. Hence is he said to dwell in thick
 darkness, and have his way in the whirlwind,

I chain'd them with my word ; the boiling sea ,
 Work'd up in tempests , heard my great decree ;
 “ * Thus far , thy floating tide shall be convey'd ;
 ” And here , O main , be thy proud billows stay'd ” .

Hast thou explor'd the secrets of the deep ,
 Where , shut from use , unnumber'd treasures sleep ?
 Where , down a thousand fathoms from the day ,
 Springs the great fountain , mother of the sea ?
 Those gloomy paths did thy bold foot e'er tread ,
 Whole worlds of waters rolling o'er thy head ?

Hath the cleft centre open'd wide to thee ?
 Death's inmost chambers didst thou ever see ?
 E'er knock at his tremendous gate , and wade
 To the black portal through th' incumbent shade ?
 Deep are those shades ; but shades still deeper
 My counsels from the ken of human pride . (hide

Where dwells the light ? In what refulgent dome ?
 And where has darkness made her dismal home ?
 Thou know'st , no doubt , since thy large heart
 is fraught

With ripen'd wisdom , through long ages brought ;

* There is a very great air in all that precedes , but this is signally sublime . We are struck with admiration to see the vast and ungovernable ocean receiving commands , and punctually obeying them ; to find it like a managed horse , raging , tossing , and foaming , but by the rule and direction of its master . This passage yields in sublimity to that of *Let there be light* , &c. so much only , as the absolute government of nature yields to the creation of it .

The like spirit in these two passages is no bad concurrent argument , that Moses is author of the Book of Job .

Since nature was call'd forth when thou wast by,
And into being rose beneath thine eye!

Are mists begotten? Who their father knew?
From whom descend the pearly drops of dew?
To bind the stream by night, what hand can
boast,

Or whiten morning with the hoary frost?
Whose pow'rful breath, from northern regions
blown,

Touches the sea, and turns it into stone?
A sudden desert spreads o'er realms defac'd,
And lays one half of the creation waste?

Thou know'st me not; thy blindness cannot see
How vast a distance parts thy God from thee.
Canst thou in whirlwinds mount aloft? canst thou
In clouds and darkness wrap thy awful brow?
And, when day triumphs in meridian light,
Put forth thy hand, and shade the world with
night?

Who launch'd the clouds in air, and bid them roll
Suspended seas aloft, from pole to pole?
Who can refresh the burning sandy plain,
And quench the summer with a waste of rain?
Who, in rough deserts, far from human toil,
Made rocks bring forth, and desolation smile?
There blooms the rose, where human face ne'er
shone,

And spreads its beauties to the sun alone.

To check the show'r, who lifts his hand on high,
And shuts the sluices of th' exhausted sky,

When

When earth no longer mourns her gaping veins,
Her naked mountains, and her ruffet plains;
But, new in life, a chearful prospect yields
Of shining rivers, and of verdant fields;
When groves and forests lavish all their bloom,
And earth and heav'n are fill'd with rich per-
fume?

Hast thou e'er scal'd my wintry skies, and seen
Of hail and snows my northern magazine?

These the dread treasures of mine anger are,
My funds of vengeance for the day of war,
When clouds rain death, and storms, at my com-
mand,

Rage through the world, or waste a guilty land.

Who taught the rapid winds to fly so fast,

Or shakes the centre with his eastern blast?

Who from the skies can a whole deluge pour?

Who strikes through nature with the solemn roar

Of dreadful thunder, points it where to fall,

And in fierce lightning wraps the flying ball?

Not he who trembles at the darted fires,

Falls at the sound, and in the flash expires.

Who drew the comet out to such a size,

And pour'd his flaming train o'er half the skies?

Did thy resentment hang him out? does he

Glare on the nations, and denounce, from thee?

Who on low earth can moderate the rein,

That guides the stars along th' ethereal plain?

Appoint their seasons, and direct their course,

Their lustre brighten, and supply their force?

Canst thou the skies benevolence restrain,
 And cause the Pleiades to shine in vain?
 Or, when Orion sparkles from his sphere,
 Thaw the cold season, and unbind the year?
 Bid Mazzaroth his destin'd station know,
 And teach the bright Arcturus where to glow?
 Mine is the night, with all her stars; I pour
 Myriads, and myriads I reserve in store.

Dost thou pronounce where day-light shall be
 born,

And draw the purple curtain of the morn;
 Awake the sun, and bid him come away,
 And glad thy world with his obsequious ray?
 Hast thou, inthron'd in flaming glory, driv'n
 Triumphant round the spacious ring of heav'n?
 That pomp of light, what hand so far displays,
 That distant earth lies basking in the blaze?

Who did the soul with her rich pow'rs invest,
 And light up reason in the human breast,
 To shine, with fresh increase of lustre, bright,
 When stars and sun are set in endless night?
 To these my various questions make reply.

Th' Almighty spoke; and, speaking, shook the sky.

What then, Chaldaean Sire, was thy surprize!
 Thus thou, with trembling heart, and down-cast
 eyes:

- Once and again, which I in groans deplore,
- „ My tongue has err'd; but shall presume no more.
- „ My voice is in eternal silence bound,
- „ And all my soul falls prostrate to the ground„

He ceas'd: When, lo! again th' Almighty spoke;
The same dread voice from the black whirlwind
broke.

Can that arm measure with an arm divine?
And canst thou thunder with a voice like mine?
Or in the hollow of thy hand contain
The bulk of waters, the wide-spreading main,
When, mad with tempests, all the billows rise
In all their rage, and dash the distant skies?

Come forth, in beauty's excellence array'd;
And be the grandeur of thy pow'r display'd;
Put on omnipotence, and, frowning, make
The spacious round of the creation shake;
Dispatch thy vengeance, bid it overthrow
Triumphant vice, lay lofty tyrants low,
And crumble them to dust. When this is done,
I grant thy safety lodg'd in thee alone;
Of thee thou art, and may'st undaunted stand
Behind the buckler of thine own right-hand.

Fond man! the vision of a moment made!
Dream of a dream! and shadow of a shade!
What worlds hast thou produc'd, what creatures
fram'd;
What insects cherish'd, that thy GOD is blam'd?
When * pain'd with hunger, the wild raven's brood
Loud calls on GOD, importunate for food,

* Another argument that Moses was the author, is, that most of the creatures here mentioned are Egyptian. The reason given why the raven is particularly mentioned as an object of the care of Providence, is, because by her cla-

Who hears their cry, who grants their hoarse
request,

And stills the clamour of the craving nest?

Who in the stupid ostrich * has subdu'd
A parent's care, and fond inquietude?
While far she flies, her scatter'd eggs are found,
Without an owner, on the sandy ground;
Cast out on fortune, they at mercy lie,
And borrow life from an indulgent sky;

morous and importunate voice, she particularly seems always calling upon it; thence *καράσσω α κίφαξ*, Ælian. l. ii. c. 48. is to ask earnestly. And since there were ravens on the bank of the Nile more clamorous than the rest of that species, those probably are meant in that place.

* There are many instances of this bird's stupidity: Let two suffice. First, it covers its head in the reeds, and thinks itself all out of sight,

————— *Stat lumine clauso*

Ridendum revoluta caput, creditque latere

Quæ non ipsa videt ————— Claud.

Secondly, They that go in pursuit of them, draw the skin of an ostrich's neck on one hand, which proves a sufficient lure to take them with the other.

They have so little brain, that Heliogabalus had six hundred heads for his supper.

Here we may observe, that our judicious as well as sublime author, just touches the great points of distinction in each creature, and then hastens to another. A description is exact when you cannot add, but what is common to another thing; nor withdraw, but something peculiarly belonging to the thing described. A likeness is lost in too much description, as a meaning often in too much illustration.

Adopted by the sun, in blaze of day,
They ripen under his prolific ray.

Unmindful she, that some unhappy tread
May crush her young in their neglected bed.

* What time she skims along the field with speed,
** She scorns the rider, and pursuing steed.

How rich the peacock †! what bright glories run
From plume to plume, and vary in the sun!
He proudly spreads them to the golden ray,
Gives all his colours, and adorns the day;
With conscious state the spacious round displays,
And slowly moves amid the waving blaze.

Who taught the hawk to find, in seasons wise,
Perpetual summer, and a change of skies?

* Here is marked another peculiar quality of this creature, which neither flies nor runs directly, but has a motion composed of both, and using its wings as sails, makes great speed.

Vasta velut Libya venantum vocibus ales

Cum premitur, calidas cursu transmittit arenas,

Inque modum veli sinuatis flamine pennis

Pulverulenta volat ————— Claud. in Eutr.

** Xenophon says, Cyrus had horses that could overtake the goat and the wild ass; but none that could reach this creature. A thousand golden ducats, or a hundred camels, was the stated price of a horse that could equal their speed.

† Though this bird is but just mentioned in my author, I could not forbear going a little farther, and spreading those beautiful plumes (which are there shut up) in half a dozen lines. The circumstance I have marked of his opening his plumes to the sun is true: *Expandit colores adverso maxime sole, quia sic fulgentius radiant.* Plin. l. x. c. 20.

When clouds deform the year, she mounts the
wind,

Shoots to the south, nor fears the storm behind;

The sun returning, she returns agen,

Lives in his beams, and leaves ill days to men.

Tho' strong the hawk *, tho' practis'd well to
fly,

An eagle drops her in a lower sky;

An eagle, when, deserting human sight,

She seeks the sun in her unweary'd flight:

Did thy command her yellow pinion lift

So high in air, and set her on the clift,

Where far above thy world she dwells alone,

And proudly makes the strength of rocks her own;

† Thence wide o'er nature takes her dread survey,

And with a glance predestinates her prey?

She feasts her young with blood; and, hov'ring
o'er

Th' unslaughter'd host, enjoys the promis'd gore.

* *Thyanus (de Re Accip.)* mentions a hawk that flew from Paris to London in a night.

And the Egyptians, in regard to its swiftness, made it their symbol for the wind; for which reason we may suppose the hawk, as well as the crow above, to have been a bird of note in Egypt.

† The eagle is said to be of so acute a sight, that, when she is so high in air that man cannot see her, she can discern the smallest fish under water. My author accurately understood the nature of the creatures he describes, and seems to have been a Naturalist as well as a Poet, which the next note will confirm.

* Know'st thou how many moons, by me
assign'd,

Roll o'er the mountain goat, and forest hind,
While pregnant they a mother's load sustain?
They bend in anguish, and cast forth their pain.
Hale are their young, from human frailties freed;
Walk unsustain'd, and unassisted feed;
They live at once; forsake the dam's warm side;
Take the wide world, with nature for their guide;
Bound o'er the lawn, or seek the distant glade;
And find a home in each delightful shade.

Will the tall reem, which knows no lord but me,
Low at the crib, and ask an alms of thee?
Submit his unworn shoulder to the yoke,
Break the stiff clod, and o'er thy furrow smook?
Since great his strength, go trust him, void of care;
Lay on his neck the toil of all the year;
Bid him bring home the seasons to thy doors,
And cast his load among thy gather'd stores.

Didst thou from service the wild-afs discharge,
And break his bonds, and bid him live at large,

• The meaning of this question is, Knowest thou the time and circumstances of their bringing forth? For to know the time only was easy, and had nothing extraordinary in it; but the circumstances had something peculiarly expressive of God's Providence, which makes the question proper in this place. Pliny observes, that the hind with young is by instinct directed to a certain herb called Sefelis, which facilitates the birth. Thunder also (which looks like the more immediate hand of Providence) has the same effect. *Pf. xxix.* in so early an age to observe these things, may stile our author a Naturalist.

Through the wide waste, his ample mansion, room,
And lose himself in his unbounded home?

By nature's hand magnificently fed,
His meal is on the range of mountains spread;
As in pure air aloft he bounds along,
He sees in distant smoak the city throng;
Conscious of freedom, scorns the smother'd train,
The threat'ning driver, and the servile rein.

Survey the warlike horse! didst thou invest
With thunder his robust distended chest?
No sense of fear his dauntless soul allays;
'Tis dreadful to behold his nostrils blaze;
To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
And triumphs in the fulness of his might;
High-rais'd he snuffs the battle from afar,
And burns to plunge amid the raging war;
And mocks at death, and throws his foam around,
And in a storm of fury shakes the ground.
How does his firm, his rising heart, advance
Full on the brandish'd sword, and shaken lance;
While his fix'd eye-balls meet the dazzling shield,
Gaze, and return the lightning of the field!
He sinks the sense of pain in gen'rous pride,
Nor feels the shaft that trembles in his side;
But neighs to the shrill trumpeter's dreadful blast
Till death; and when he groans, he groans his last.

But, fiercer still, the lordly lion stalks,
Grimly majestic in his lonely walks;
When round he glares, all living creatures fly;
He clears the desert with his rolling eye.

Say, mortal, does he rouse at thy command,
And roar to thee, and live upon thy hand?
Dost thou for him in forests bend thy bow,
And to his gloomy den the morsel throw,
Where bent on death lie hid his tawny brood,
And couch'd in dreadful ambush, pant for blood;
Or, stretch'd on broken limbs, consume the day,
In darkness wrapt, and slumber o'er their prey?
* By the pale moon they take their destin'd round,
And lash their sides, and furious tear the ground:
Now shrieks, and dying groans, the desert fill;
They rage, they rend; their rav'nous jaws distil
With crimson foam; and, when the banquet's o'er,
They stride away, and paint their steps with gore;
In flight alone the shepherd puts his trust,
And shudders at the talon in the dust.

Mild is my behemoth, though large his frame;
Smooth is his temper, and repress his flame,
While unprovok'd. This native of the flood
Lifts his broad foot, and puts ashore for food;
Earth sinks beneath him, as he moves along
To seek the herbs, and mingle with the throng.
See with what strength his harden'd loins are
All over proof, and shut against a wound; (bound,
How like a mountain cedar moves his tail!
Nor can his complicated sinews fail.

* Pursuing their prey by night is true of most wild beasts, particularly the lion. *Psf.* cvi. 20. The Arabians have one among their 500 names for the lion, which signifies *The Hunter by Moonshine.*

Built high and wide, his solid bones surpass
 The bars of steel; his ribs are ribs of brass;
 His port majestic, and his armed jaw,
 Give the wide forest, and the mountain, law.
 The mountains feed him; there the beasts admire
 The mighty stranger, and in dread retire:
 At length his greatness nearer they survey,
 Graze in his shadow, and his eye obey.
 The fens and marshes are his cool retreat,
 His noon-tide shelter from the burning heat;
 Their sedgy bosoms his wide couch are made,
 And groves of willows give him all their shade.

His eye drinks Jordan up, when fir'd with
 drought,

He trusts to turn its current down his throat;
 In lessen'd waves it creeps along the plain:
 * He sinks a river, and he thirsts again.
 ** Go to the Nile, and, from its fruitful side,
 Cast forth thy line into the swelling tide:

* *Cephesi glaciale caput quo suctus anhelam
 Ferre suum Python, amnemque avertere ponto.*

Stat. Theb. v. 349.

*Qui spiris tegetet montes, hauriret hiatu
 Flumina, &c.*

Claud. Pref. in Ruf.

Let not then this hyperbole seem too much for an eastern poet, tho' some commentators of name strain hard in this place for a new construction, through fear of it.

** The taking the crocodile is most difficult. Diodorus says, they are not be taken but by iron nets. When Augustus conquered Egypt, he struck a medal, the impress of which was a crocodile chained to a palm-tree, with this inscription, *Nemo antea religavit.*

With slender hair Leviathan command,
And stretch his vastness on the loaded strand.
Will he become thy servant? Will he own
Thy lordly nod, and tremble at thy frown?
Or with his sport amuse thy leisure day,
And, bound in silk, with thy soft maidens play?

Shall pompous banquets swell with such a
prize?

And the bowl journey round his ample size?
Or the debating merchants share the prey,
And various limbs to various marts convey?
Thro' his firm skull what steel its way can win?
What forceful engine can subdue his skin?
Fly far, and live; tempt not his matchless might:
The bravest shrink to cowards in his fight;
* The rashest dare not rouse him up: who then
Shall turn on me, among the sons of men?

Am I a debtor? Hast thou ever heard
Whence come the gifts that are on me conferr'd?
My lavish fruit a thousand valleys fills,
And mine the herds, that graze a thousand hills:
Earth, sea, and air, all nature is my own;
And stars, and sun, are dust beneath my throne.
And dar'st thou with the world's great father vie,
Thou, who dost tremble at my creature's eye?

At full my huge Leviathan shall rise,
Boast all his strength, and spread his wond'rous size.

* This alludes to a custom of this creature, which is, when fated with fish, to come ashore and sleep among the reeds.

Who, great in arms, e'er stripp'd his shining mail,
 Or crown'd his triumph with a single scale?
 Whose heart sustains him to draw near? * behold,
 Destruction yawns; his spacious jaws unfold,
 And marshal'd round the wide expanse, disclose
 Teeth edg'd with death, and crowding rows on
 What hideous fangs on either side arise! (rows:
 And what a deep abyfs between them lies!
 Mete with thy lance, and with thy plumbet sound,
 The one how long, the other how profound.

His bulk is charg'd with such a furious soul,
 That clouds of smoke from his spread nostrils roll,
 As from a furnace; and, when rous'd his ire,
 ** Fate issues from his jaws in streams of fire.

* The crocodile's mouth is exceeding wide. When he gapes,
 says Pliny, *sit totum os*. Martial says to his old woman,

*Cùm comparata risibus tuis ora
 Niliacus habet crocodilus angusta.*

So that the expression there is barely just.

** This too is nearer truth than at first view may be imagined. The crocodile, say the naturalists, lying long under water, and being there forced to hold its breath, when it emerges, the breath long repress'd is hot, and bursts out so violently, that it resembles fire and smoke. The horse suppresses not his breath by any means so long, neither is he so fierce and animated; yet the most correct of poets ventures to use the same metaphor concerning him:

Collectumque premens volvit sub naribus ignem.

By this and the foregoing note I would caution against a false opinion of the eastern boldness, from passages in them ill understood.

The rage of tempests, and the roar of seas,
Thy terror, this thy great Superior please;
Strength on his ample shoulder sits in state;
His well-join'd limbs are dreadfully complete;
His flakes of solid flesh are slow to part;
As steel his nerves, as adamant his heart.

When, late awak'd, he rears him from the floods;
And, stretching forth his stature to the clouds,
Writhes in the sun aloft his scaly height,
And strikes the distant hills with transient light,
Far round are fatal damps of terror spread,
The mighty fear, nor blush to own their dread.

* Large is his front; and, when his burnish'd eyes
Lift their broad lids, the morning seems to rise.

* *His eyes are like the eye-lids of the morning.* I think this gives us as great an image of the thing it would express, as can enter the thought of man. It is not improbable that the Egyptians stole their hieroglyphic for the morning, which is the crocodile's eye, from this passage, though no commentator, I have seen, mention it. It is easy to conceive how the Egyptians should be both readers and admirers of the writings of Moses, whom I suppose the author of this poem.

I have observed already that three or four of the creatures here described are Egyptian; the two last are notoriously so, they are the river-horse and the crocodile, those celebrated inhabitants of the Nile; and on these two it is that our author chiefly dwells. It would have been expected from an author more remote from that river than Moses, in a catalogue of creatures produced to magnify their Creator, to have dwelt on the two largest works of his hand, viz. The elephant and the whale. This is so natural an expectation, that some commentators have rendered *behemoth* and *leviathan*, the elephant and whale, tho' the descriptions in

In vain may death in various shapes invade,
 The swift-wing'd arrow, the descending blade;
 His naked breast their impotence defies;
 The dart rebounds, the brittle fauchion flies.
 Shut in himself, the war without he hears,
 Safe in the tempest of their rattling spears;
 The cumber'd strand their wasted vollies strow;
 His sport, the rage and labour of the foe.

His pastimes like a cauldron boil the flood,
 And blacken ocean with the rising mud;
 The billows feel him, as he works his way;
 His hoary footsteps shine along the sea;
 The foam high-wrought, with white divides the
 green,

And distant sailors point where death has been.

His like earth bears not on her spacious face:
 Alone in nature stands his dauntless race:
 For utter ignorance of fear renown'd,
 In wrath he rolls his baleful eye around:
 Makes ev'ry swoln, disdainful heart, subside,
 And holds dominion o'er the sons of pride.

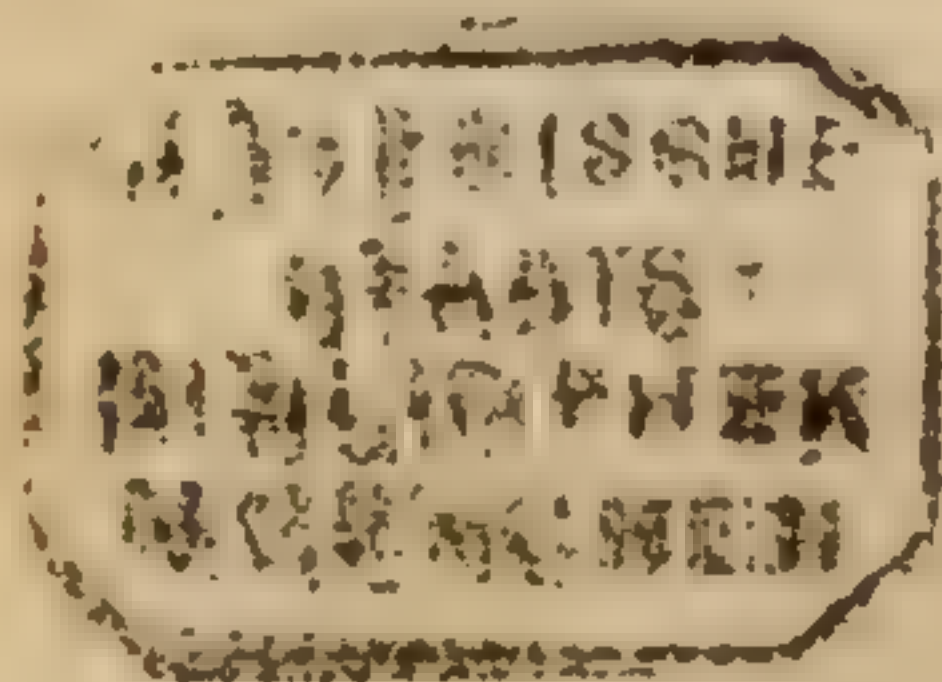
Then the Chaldæan eas'd his lab'ring breast,
 With full conviction of his crime oppress'd.

“Thou canst accomplish all things, Lord of might!
 „And ev'ry thought is naked to thy sight.

our author will not admit of it; but Moses being, as we may well suppose, under an immediate terror of the hippopotamos and crocodile, from their daily mischiefs and ravages around him, it is very accountable why he should permit them to take place.

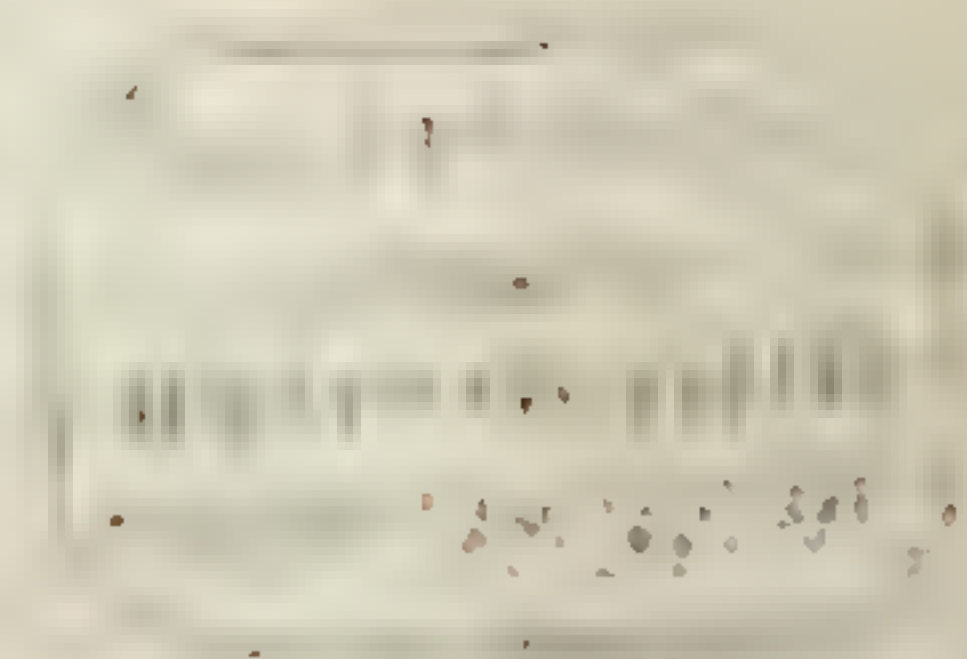
„ But, oh! thy ways are wonderful, and lie
„ Beyond the deepest reach of mortal eye.
„ Oft have I heard of thine almighty pow'r;
„ But never saw thee till this dreadful hour.
„ O'erwhelm'd with shame, the Lord of life I see,
„ Abhor myself and give my soul to thee.
„ Nor shall my weakness tempt thine anger more:
„ Man is not made to question, but adore.”

FINIS.



1841-1842

1841-1842



Young, Edward, 1683-1765

The Complaint: Or Night-Thoughts, On Life, Death, And Immortality To which
are added The Last Day, A Poem, The Force Of Religion; Or, Vanquished'd
Love, A Poem. And A Paraphrase On Part Of The Book Of Job
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